

# THE FORTNIGHTLY

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## ITALY AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY G. T. GARRATT

IT is difficult to write about strategical questions at a time when 'one woe doth tread upon another's heel, so fast they come', and when a few hours may make a kaleidoscopic change in the grouping of enemies, neutrals and allies. Most people in England are fully aware of the general situation in the Mediterranean, and of the issues involved by the entrance of Italy into the war. Some factors do not seem to be so well understood, and the significance of some recent history appears to have been forgotten. We are still a little apt to think in terms of 'two-dimensional warfare', and to underestimate the changes brought about by the aeroplane and the submarine. Some of us inclined to consider Italy as a second-class Power, traditionally friendly towards England. Far too many Englishmen treat Spain and her ambitions as negligible. It may be worth reconsidering certain political and strategical questions connected with the 'dolorous tideless inland sea'.

The main principle which has not altered is the strategic importance of the various land-locked waters along the main East and West route, and also those leading from the Black Sea and the Adriatic into the Mediterranean. The development of the aeroplane has also revived the eighteenth century importance of islands which lie near sea routes, such as the Balearic Islands which are close to the North and South route between France and her African possessions, a route which has no 'narrows'. The chief areas which are land-controlled are the Straits of Gibraltar, the narrows between Sicily and Africa, the Straits of Otranto, the Dardanelles, the Suez Canal and the Bab el Mandeb at the end of the Red Sea. Each of these names recall long diplomatic manœuvres, and sometimes wars, which have been undertaken in order to control the adjacent territories. Great Britain's traditional policy has aimed either



at occupying strong points on the land, or else ensuring that the countries shall remain in the hands of relatively weak and friendly nations. Thus we were led, not only to capture the Rock of Gibraltar, but also to take a keen interest in the ownership of the opposite sea-board. The opening of the Suez Canal, a venture which we had attempted to frustrate, took us rapidly into Egypt. Gladstone in 1877 made a remarkable forecast about our commitments here, which he thought would prove 'the certain egg of a North African Empire that will grow and grow until another Victoria and another Albert, titles of lake-sources of the White Nile, come within our borders; and until we finally join hands across the equator with Natal and Cape Town, to say nothing of the Transvaal and the Orange River on the south, or of Abyssinia or Zanzibar to be swallowed by way of viaticum on our journey.' The Suez Canal also took us into Cyprus, while further south we considered that Aden was not sufficient control of the Bab el Mandeb, and therefore occupied Somaliland.

With regard to the other 'narrows' we depended chiefly upon the neighbouring territory being held by Powers whom we could either threaten or cajole. The Dardanelles proved one reason why we supported Turkey as against Russia all through the nineteenth century. For a long time we insisted upon the independence of Morocco, another country in a state of decadence. It was only after 1904 and the formation of the Entente that we were willing to allow France a free hand in that country. Even then in accordance with our general policy, we insisted on Spain being assigned the northern strip opposite Gibraltar, while the little Tangier zone remained 'internationalized' under the control of France, Spain, and Great Britain. During the first fourteen years of this century our foreign policy was repeatedly influenced by our refusal to allow Germany any foothold in the neighbourhood of the Straits. For this we achieved our hardly-won diplomatic victory at Algeciras in 1906, and five years later almost went to war over the minor incident of the *Panther's* visit to Agadir.

The Italian narrows did not cause us much anxiety before 1914. They were much wider than any of the Straits, and in those days the land control over a stretch of water about a



hundred miles wide was not a very serious consideration. We had in the vicinity a strong and almost impregnable base at Malta. Italy had not then fortified the island of Pantelleria, a recent measure which has considerably lessened the width of open sea in the straits between Sicily and Libya. Our general policy was conciliatory towards Italy. The Tripartite Treaty of 1906 was closely connected with the Algeciras conference, and helped to range Italy on the side of the Entente. The practical effect of this important Treaty was that France and England agreed to give Italy a free hand in Abyssinia at any time when she might choose to invade that country. In return the Entente Powers only asked for a few minor concessions after Italy had occupied an area which we chose to consider as the hinterland of Eritrea. Italy made no use of this treaty at the time, but the friendly attitude of the Entente was shown five years later when she attacked Tripoli. Though England and France have many Moslem subjects they made no serious objection to a wanton act of aggression against a Turkish province. The campaign, carried out with great savagery, had the worst possible repercussions in the Balkans, and on our relations with Turkey.

At the beginning of the 1914 war we could claim to be favourably situated at most of the Mediterranean strategic narrows. There was one serious exception. It was probably impossible to have kept both Italy and Turkey neutral or as allies, and our Foreign Office preferred to concentrate on winning over Italy. Turkey's entrance into the war meant that control of the Dardanelles was in enemy hands, and the Suez Canal was exposed to attack from the desert to the east. The course of the war showed how expensive such an exception could be. It cost us the Gallipoli campaign, and necessitated keeping an army of nearly a quarter of a million in Egypt. Ultimately the threat to the Canal was a powerful factor in making us undertake the thankless task of occupying Palestine.

The 1914 war in the Mediterranean was partially 'three-dimensional' and to this extent it falsified the British politico-strategic ideas of the time. Although there was little aerial fighting the Germans were able to use submarines, and did so with great effect. From May 1915 onwards a succession of



U-boats passed through the Straits of Gibraltar. Owing to the depth of water it was found impossible to block the straits, a procedure adopted later in the wider but much shallower Straits of Otranto. Some fifteen U-boats made their way into the Mediterranean, and helped by some illicit support from individual Spaniards they caused forty per cent. of our total shipping losses in the war. It may be remembered that one German Commander, de la Perière, in charge of U-35, sank over 500,000 tons of shipping, including two war vessels, 5 troop-ships, 125 steamers, and 62 sailing boats. At the end of the war all but two of the U-boats made their way back through the Straits in spite of a concentration of surface ships to prevent their egress. One submarine came to the surface near Cape Trafalgar and sank the battleship *Britannia*.

During the first ten years of the uneasy peace which followed 1919 there were few changes. Turkey resumed control over the Dardanelles. She became a stronger but also a more independent Power, freer from German influence. Great Britain remained in Palestine, and France in Syria. In spite of Egyptian nationalism the Entente command of the Suez Canal was complete. At Gibraltar the British watched Spain's unhappy and expensive efforts to conquer her barren zone of Northern Morocco. Italy, even under fascist rule, did not seem to threaten the Allied predominance in the Mediterranean. Apart from the Corfu incident of 1924 Mussolini pursued a cautious and correct foreign policy throughout the 'twenties.' It is true that he was at some pains to extend his control to both sides of the Otranto Straits by the gradual 'permeation' of Albania, but there was little to suggest that he would develop into the aggressive dictator of the 'thirties.' In 1927 he gained a diplomatic victory over France at Tangier, and obtained some share in the government, but the Italians had a strong case.

The British Foreign Office remained conciliatory. Unlike the French we made some attempt to implement the unhappy Treaty of London which had been the prelude to Italy's entrance into the war in 1915. In 1925 we ceded a portion of Jubaland to Italy, and in the same year Sir Austen Chamberlain exchanged notes with the Italian Minister, the effect of which was to make it clear that the 1906 agreement still held good as regards



Abyssinia. From the standpoint of Mediterranean strategy there could be little objection to Italy extending her domain on the west side of the Red Sea, for she already had her Eritrean ports, and the occupation of places like Assab would make no serious difference. It will be remembered that England strongly opposed the admission of Ethiopia into the League of Nations. We still considered the country as part of Italy's 'sphere of influence'. It was also clear that if Italy were ever to threaten the East-West route through the Mediterranean, her effective point of attack would not be in the Red Sea, but in the stretch of water immediately south of Sicily.

We shall probably never know all the factors which drove Mussolini into a more aggressive foreign policy from about 1932 onwards. The internal condition of Italy after the 1929 slump, the settlement of his dispute with the Papacy by the Lateran Treaty, the growing strength of Germany and Hitler's successful flouting of the Allies, these and other reasons encouraged Mussolini to seek adventures abroad. Ethiopia was the obvious victim. The 1906 Treaty suggested that England and France would not object, while there were psychological grounds for avenging Adowa and trying out the new fascist army against a backward and unarmed race.

From the Mediterranean standpoint there was no British objection to Italy taking Abyssinia except the rather remote possibility that our position in the Sudan would be jeopardized. From one point of view it might be considered an advantage to England because it would mean that Italy would have given hostages to fortune when she had a largish force which would not be self-supporting and would be dependent on supplies coming through Massawa—i.e., through the Suez Canal or through the Bab el Mandeb. Unfortunately there were domestic reasons why England could not simply apply the 1906 Treaty as confirmed in 1925. France, possibly in a spirit of *gaminerie*, had brought Ethiopia into the League of Nations, and Italy—with her usual disregard for her pledged word—had supported her candidature and given subsequent assurances as to her integrity. In England, and to a less extent in France, the Governments had to face a body of moderate Conservative opinion which still believed in the League and was strongly opposed to a return



to pre-1914 methods of imperial aggression. Both countries—England through Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Eden, France through M. Laval—began a double policy. In Africa, controlling all entrances to Ethiopia, they made things easy for Italy on the lines of the 1906 Treaty. In Europe they pursued a half-hearted 'League' policy. The effect was in every way unfortunate. Totalitarian countries, as we have now painfully learnt, are not amenable to 'appeasement', especially when such services rendered, as the prevention of arms reaching Ethiopia, are of a secret nature, while the formal imposition of sanctions was known to all the world and used as propaganda inside Italy. When the end came with the fall of Addis Ababa Italy had not strengthened her Mediterranean position, but she had far more definitely thrown in her lot with Germany in an anti-Entente policy.

The Spanish affair is extremely controversial, but the general policy of 'appeasing' Italy continued. The Non-Intervention Pact undoubtedly assisted Mussolini and Hitler in their venture, and ensured the Spanish Government's defeat. On this occasion the result of our policy was detrimental to our Mediterranean interests. It was no longer a question of Italy extending her territory in a difficult and remote area, it was a matter of the two totalitarian states, Italy and Germany, extending their influence in a territory which we have always assumed to be a weak and moderately friendly country. Spain had certainly been divided in the 1914 war, but the Liberal elements had been strong enough and so markedly pro-Ally that it was impossible for the pro-German military and ecclesiastical parties to drag the country from its neutral position. Instead we were responsible for the utter defeat of the democratic elements, and the placing in power of the phalangists whose philosophy of life is closely akin to that of the Nazis, and who mould their policy upon that of Hitler. Spain has, from her geographical position, always been a potentially important factor in Mediterranean policy, and it was only her military weakness and the balance between her political sections which enabled the British Foreign Office to disregard her, and to believe that 'Europe ended with the Pyrenees'.

The present position is, therefore, full of new and doubtful elements, but it is possible to make a rough comparison with



conditions in the last war. We may begin with the more favourable items. The Dardanelles are now in the hands of a friendly Power, and possible Ally. There is no longer any threat to the Suez Canal from the East. It would also seem that, even if Italy enters the war, the submarine menace is likely to be far less important than between 1915 and 1918. The process of detection is certainly more efficient, and—what is more important—there will be far fewer targets. It was discovered in 1935 that British merchant shipping could be diverted round the Cape without any very serious dislocation, and this order has again been enforced. The oil tankers from the Persian Gulf are the worst hit, with an 80 per cent. increase in the distance to be covered. The freight steamers from India and the Far East have increases in the nature of 40 per cent. and from Australia only 10 per cent. It is also probable that we shall not have to send so many troop-ships through the dangerous area of the Mediterranean. A very large force has already been collected in the Near East, and could be reinforced from India. The Allies could, in fact, keep nearly all their surface vessels, except warships, out of the Mediterranean, and there is little need for them to use the East to West route past Sicily.

The weakness of Italy's position in Abyssinia has already been mentioned. In this connection we must notice that large parts of that very difficult country have never been subdued. There is still a strong Amhara nucleus in the Gojjam area which has never accepted Italian rule, and carries on a guerrilla warfare with some success. They have learnt a lot since their old feudal levies advanced practically unarmed against Italian tanks and machine guns, or moved about in masses to provide targets for the low-flying Italian aeroplanes. Those who were in Ethiopia during the war will remember the cheerful and eupeptic Ras Abeba Arragai. He is now the leader of a considerable force which would certainly add greatly to Italian difficulties, and would welcome back the Emperor Haile Selassie. Italy at war would lose her Ethiopian garrison, and would have some difficulty in keeping her Libyan troops supplied. In this respect we must, however, remember that the Norwegian affair has shown that sea control is not absolutely necessary for an expeditionary force, and that supplies and reinforcements can be sent by air.



On the other hand there are certain alarming possibilities if we assume that Italy becomes an active enemy. In that case it is probable that Spain, under her present rulers, will be at best an unfriendly neutral, and might easily become an actively hostile Power. It was certainly the opinion of the German military leaders at the beginning of the war that both these countries would be joined with the Nazis by the end of May. It may be remembered that this view was reported in October last by Mr. Garrison Villard, and other neutral observers. In this event the threat to the Allied Powers in the Mediterranean and in the South of France would become extremely serious. Spain's strategic position is far stronger than that of Italy, and her only colonial 'hostages' are in the small Rio de Oro district, and in the mountainous strip of Northern Morocco just across the Straits. With the help of German aeroplanes and pilots she can not only do great damage in southern France, where so many munition works are situated, but she can upset the Allied position in the western Mediterranean. From the Balearic Islands she can harass the North and South route between France and Algeria, from southern Spain she can make Gibraltar almost valueless as a naval base.

The British public has, for a number of reasons, been kept in the dark about the Spanish side of the Mediterranean question. They have heard much about fascist ambitions, but are perhaps unaware of the similar talk in which the Falangists indulge. The latter also want an Empire which will stretch southwards across the Straits into Africa, and they look to this war as a means of fulfilling their ambitions. How far Spain is ready or willing to fight is a matter on which very few Englishmen can venture an opinion, but it would be unwise to dismiss her claims as absurd, or to forget that she has now an army which has learnt to fight, and can call on a vast number of resident German 'experts'. Our Mediterranean danger probably lies in the West.



## THE ILLUSION OF THE DEMOCRACIES

BY H. NOEL FIELDHOUSE

**F**OR the second time in a quarter of a century the British Commonwealth is at war with a great European Power.

No one has dared to tell us, this time, that it is 'the war to end war', but if our publicists have not yet repeated the phrase, they are none the less re-echoing the idea. Mr. Menzies, with perhaps unconscious reminiscence, has assured Australia that this is 'a crisis to end crises', and, on every side, we hear voices proclaiming that the outcome of the war must be a new and better world.

The assumption that this will be so, indeed, is implicit in nearly all the current discussion of 'war aims'. The note was struck, immediately on the outbreak of war, by the leaders of the Oppositions in Parliament, where Mr. Attlee, for example, declared that "We are in this struggle; we must see that we come out of it with nothing less than a new world". What sort of new world we should come out with, Mr. Attlee did not describe, but others have not been so reticent. Thus, Mr. Herbert Morrison, M.P., put forward, through the B.B.C., six broad principles which, he said, "ought to govern the new order which should follow victory". These principles were so broad that they included, for example, the organization "of the industry, trade and commerce of the world with the idea not of bolstering up the special privileges of any class or group, but of achieving a higher standard of life for all". Yet broad as these six principles were (and it is not quite clear what the fighting of a European war has to do with organizing industry so as to achieve a higher standard of life for all) they were still not broad enough for their author, since he could not help feeling, he declared, "that even these political principles are less important at this moment than a clear re-statement of the fundamental rights of man, to vindicate and realize which is our true and final war aim".



The responsible governments of the Commonwealth have so far modestly refrained from attempting that "clear re-statement of the fundamental rights of man" to vindicate which Mr. Morrison says that we are fighting, but Mr. H. G. Wells has volunteered to repair the omission and has put them on paper in this Review. It is true that he declares, in his first line, that these are the rights of "every man without distinction of race, of colour or of professed belief or opinions", so that we may be excused if we feel some doubts as to how far they will be accepted in, for example, Germany (as to race), the southern United States (as to colour), or in Russia (as to professed belief or opinions). Our Utopians, however, will not be deterred on this account. The fixed hostility to their ideals of some Great Powers and the indifference of others, can be exorcized, apparently, by the Word, and the Word, this time, is Federation. There is nothing new, either in the name or in the idea of Federation, but it has recently been made fashionable again—a cynic might say, appropriately enough—by a citizen of that Power which is least likely to do anything to translate it into fact, by the American Mr. Streit, and our professional idealists, and some others, are now intoning it in chorus.

We are not concerned here to examine the score of obstacles in the way of a World, or even of a European, Federation. It is sufficient to point out that such a Federation could only survive if there were a real basis of common ideas among its members, and that it is precisely because there is no such common basis, and no common standard of political morality which is accepted by all peoples, that this war is being fought. What concerns us here is not the detail of any specific plan, federal or otherwise, for a new and a better world, but the temper which leads men to believe for one moment that such a world is likely to emerge from the thing which we call war.

Why is it that, with the onset of every great war, so many of us delude ourselves with the illusion that this time the blood-bath will be the last? We may set aside—though they are a dangerous tribe, a tribe whose easy idealisms and moral indignations are apt to be paid for in other men's lives—the professional utopians. How is it that they attract support in war-time from many who, in general, are closer to the common man?



There is, first, the feeling which is best expressed, perhaps, in the question :—"Can God waste pain?" It is not every mind which can face the fact that mankind may fight a great war, and the world and humanity be much the same after our sacrifices as before them. There are many who feel that mankind cannot suffer on the scale on which they have seen it suffer, and its suffering be not the price of a glorious re-birth. That the agonies of the nations may mean only that a balance of power has been shifted; or that the secular ambition of this or that Power has been checked; or that this or that political principle has won a limited or a temporary triumph in this or that area; that the greatest of wars may mean so little, is something which many people cannot bring themselves to face. They feel that if Armageddon has come in their time, it must be the prelude to the New Jerusalem.

Secondly, there is our reluctance to admit our own unimportance. We feel that other wars may have been fought for limited or unworthy objects, and have achieved only partial results, but that 'our' war must be different. Thus, even Mr. Harold Nicolson, whom one would have expected to have inherited both a deeper sense of history and a deeper sense of humour, has forbidden us "for one moment to regard this war as analagous to previous wars", or "to adopt the limited notion that we are concerned in a mere historical episode affecting the power and possessions of certain European nations." What is this war—what is any war—if it be not an historical episode affecting the power and possessions of European, and other, nations? That does not mean that it is any the less worth fighting. If a burglar enters my house, I struggle to eject him, but I do not thereby expect to banish burglary from the earth. If Germany threatens our power or our independence, we can either give way to the threat or we can resist it. In neither case need we flatter ourselves that we are doing anything unique or that we shall thereby abolish threats of war from this world.

Is there, in fact, any reason at all to expect with Mr. Attlee that we must emerge from this war with nothing less than a new, in the sense of a better, world? There are two good reasons why we should not.

The first reason is particular and concerns the origin of this



war. This war, like the last war, has been born of two problems ; the problem created by the militaristic temper of Prussia-Germany, and the problem created by the relations of the Germans with the Slavs. Neither of these problems is capable of easy solution. Is either of them capable of any sort of peaceful solution in our time ?

Take, firstly, the question of German and Slav. Their rivalry has swung back and forth between Elbe and Vistula and Danube for centuries, and no conquest and no statesmanship has yet succeeded in stamping its results with finality. Why should we assume that it has reached its final phase with us ? We failed quite recently, ourselves, to solve the problem of Irish nationalism without war. Can we really expect that, in the area in which Slavdom laps about the German bastions, and in which the nationalism of Pole and Czech, Magyar and Rumanian, and Serb and Croat are in conflict with each other and with the imperialisms of Germany and of Russia, a final peace has yet been reached ?

Consider, secondly, the problem created by the militarism of Prussia-Germany. Behind all the current plans for universal peace there lies one of two assumptions ; the assumption either that, when this war is over, there will appear a New Germany which will share our liberal and pacifist ideals, or that, if Germany remains unregenerate, it will be possible by some political sleight-of-hand, to ignore her.

On what conceivable grounds can we so confidently expect that the end of the war will see the emergence of a Germany which will share our ideals ? Even on general grounds, no one would expect a great fighting people, on the morrow of defeat, to be in love with its conquerors or with its conquerors' ideals ; and, in the particular case of Germany, we have good reason to expect otherwise. We are told to-day that we are only fighting Hitler and not the German people. Twenty-five years ago, we were told that we were only fighting the Kaiser and not the German people. In both cases, we have been invited to believe that there are, somewhere in Germany, liberal forces which are yearning to join hands with us if only they were not being held down by a wicked government. A cynic might suggest that German liberalism is rather easily held down, since, if it is not



Hitler and his associates who are holding it down, it is Bismarck and his associates, or the Kaiser and his associates. Whether there are liberal forces in Germany or whether there are not, is a point upon which it will be wiser not to dogmatize; but what is indisputable is that, if there are such forces, they have never in modern times been politically effective. Since 1866, a politically effective majority of the German people have accepted and acclaimed one militaristic mascot after another, have gloried in military victory and annexation, and have only temporarily abandoned their militarism when it has led them to defeat. Modern Germany has accepted a liberal régime only when she has been badly frightened, and she has got rid of it as soon as she has recovered her nerve. To expect Germany to behave as a liberal Power because there are liberals in Germany, is as though one should expect Britain to behave as a Catholic Power because there are Roman Catholics in Britain.

It is almost incredible, indeed, that there should still be those who expect to make Germany liberal by drubbing her on the battle-field. In 1815, Europe defeated Napoleonic France and, in the interests of peace, imposed on her a constitutional monarchy. France never forgave the monarchy. In 1918, Europe defeated Imperial Germany and, in the interests of peace, imposed on her a Republic. Germany never forgave the Republic. Yet even so experienced a writer as Mr. Wickham Steed has declared, in this Review, that one of our war aims should be "the establishment in Germany of a government based on a representative democratic system". Could there be a more certain way of making representative government detested in Germany than this plan to impose it on her by force of arms?

There is only one way, surely, in which Germany can be made genuinely liberal, and that is by a persistent will towards liberal ideals on the part of an effective majority of the German people itself. Yet our intelligentsia are busy building structures of international peace on the assumption that liberalism can be endeared to German hearts by having it thrust upon them as the consequence of defeat.

It is more than rash, then, to assume that, after the war, we shall be dealing with a Germany which will share our international ideals. Is there any more justification for assuming

that, if Germany does not share those ideals, we shall be able to proceed with our own pursuit of them as though Germany could be ignored? On that point, we may quote Lord Halifax. "We have learned", he said, "that there can be no opportunity for Europe to cultivate the arts of peace until Germany is brought to realize that recurrent acts of aggression will not be tolerated."

How is Germany to be brought to realize that acts of aggression will not be tolerated? The Western Allies are neither ancient Hebrews nor modern Bolsheviks. On the morrow of victory, we shall neither exterminate nor even decimate our enemies; which means that, after the war, as before it, there will still be some seventy-five millions of this able and ambitious German race in the centre of Europe. Can anyone pretend that Europe can have peace after this war if this powerful people is meditating revenge?—that Europe can have disarmament if Germany is brooding on war?—or that we can have a League of Nations or a Federal Union which is anything save an anti-German alliance, if the Germans do not genuinely share our federal ideals?

The one thing common to all the current discussion of Federal Union is the tacit agreement to say nothing about Germany. Is Germany, the strongest single military Power in Europe, to be in our Federation? On what grounds is it assumed that she will share those liberal and pacific ideals to which the movement for Federation is appealing? Or is Germany to be outside our Federation? If so, how do we propose to deal with her and with her probable hostility to our federal ideals? The League of Nations foundered upon the rock of Germany's ill-will. The prophets of Federal Union are proceeding by pretending that the rock is not there.

Our utopians will undoubtedly protest at this point:—"Is the rest of Europe, then, to have to defend itself recurrently against German aggression?" The answer, unfortunately, would appear to be—yes; and it is as well that we should face the fact. We must remember that while we want nothing from Germany, she wants a great deal from us, and that we are satisfied and, therefore, on the defensive, whereas Germany is dissatisfied and on the offensive. This means that the initiative for peace or war lies not with us but with her. If she is bent on taking our place in the world, we have no choice but



to fight her whenever she makes the attempt, unless, of course, we elect to yield up our place to her peacefully. That is the real choice before our people. Either we acquiesce in a German domination of Europe, or we reckon with the probability of a series of clashes with Germany as prolonged and repeated and stubborn as was our hundred years' war with the France of Louis and of Napoleon. Given Pan-Germanism, there is no middle course between these two. We have no ground to expect that, even if we beat Germany this time, she will remain anything but very strong. We have no ground to expect that, so long as she remains strong, she will share our ideals. If we are not prepared to give way to her, therefore, she will probably require our unremitting attention as much for the fifty years to come, as she has required it for the fifty years which have passed. If we really mean to resist her, so far from this being the last of all wars, it is likely to be only the second in a series of wars between Germany and ourselves. There is a clear and consistent case, therefore, for giving way to Germany. That is to say, there is a case for the pacifist. There is a clear and consistent case for being prepared to fight Germany, a third and a fourth and a fifth time, if necessary. There is a case, that is to say, for the imperialist. There is no case at all for hugging to our breasts the soft illusion that we can fight Germany this once and, by so doing, turn the world into a place where neither the Germans nor anyone else will want to fight us again.

There is a second and more general reason why we should not delude ourselves with the belief that the outcome of this war will be any different from the outcome of other wars. Behind every plan for universal peace, lies something static, a vision of history coming to a stop. The authors of such plans think of a war as a great effort put forth in a righteous cause, and on the sacrifice and pain they expect to build something static and final. They fail to see that the only thing which is final is death, and that, so long as life exists, the solution of one problem automatically creates another.

None of us is infallible, and the writer would be the last to claim that history teaches this or that, or that historians are at all agreed as to what history does teach. It would seem, however, that we may glean some hints towards the probabilities

of the future from a reading of the past. There was a time when Spain was what Germany is now ; when Spanish ambitions and Spanish power were a source of apprehension to Europe ; and it took Europe the century which lay between Pavia and Rocroi to lay the Spanish bogey and to convince the Spaniards that they were not invincible. In the end, Europe curbed Spain, but, in the doing of it, she built up France ; and, for two hundred years, from Rocroi to Sedan, resistance to French appetites had to take the place of resistance to Spain. By 1870, France had learned to live and let live, but, in teaching her that lesson, Europe built up Prussia-Germany. For three-quarters of a century now, the itch to dominate has run in German veins, and it may well be another half-century before that hot blood cools. It may be that by 1960—or 1990—Europe will have taught Germany to behave. It may be that by 1960—or 1990—the German itch to dominate will have disappeared as did the French itch before it, and the Spanish before the French. Still more probably, it may be that by 1990, Germany will be on the defensive against the superior birth-rate of the Slavs. Who knows, and who can explain, what the next phase of power will be, or whence come and whither go these mysterious ebbs and flows of national energy which push one people to expand and another to recede ? What is tolerably certain is that as the German will to rule and expand becomes weaker, it will leave room for, and be replaced by, the imperialism of the Poles, or of the Russians or of whatever nation may be next, in the springtime of its energies, to assume the rôle of would-be dictator. By all means resist Germany, if we decide that we must, but let us be clear that, when we have checked German expansion, we shall be no nearer to finality in the balance between the nations. There is no rest for the living, and our warfare, unlike that of Jerusalem, is not yet accomplished.

One might have thought, indeed, that our utopians would have learned, from our experience since 1918, that wars have an uncomfortable habit of producing results which have little relation to the original war aims of those who fight them, and that the solution of one problem is apt to give rise to another. Our one agreed aim, in 1914, was to break German militarism. It was no part of our original intention to break up the Habsburg



and Ottoman Empires, to create Czechoslovakia or resurrect Poland, to make a Russian revolution, to treble the size of Serbia and double that of Rumania, to create Iraq and Estonia and Lithuania and a Jewish National Home, or to give the keys of the Brenner and the Adriatic to Italy. Yet, in the outcome, all these things—and much else—sprang from the war or from our victory, and every one of them has meant a fresh ‘problem’; while the one thing which we promised ourselves, the destruction of German militarism, we failed to achieve.

What, then, are our conclusions? Firstly, that to expect that, because this is ‘our’ war, it will be the last, is to carry conceit too far. After this war, as before it, danger and difficulty will still be the condition of life, and they will certainly be the condition of any people which intends to remain a Great Power. We have to realize that there can be no finality in the relations between nations, and that this war, like other wars, is likely to create as many problems as it solves. Our ideals may be kept high, but our expectations should be low.

Secondly, that just as there is no easy solution of the problem of war and peace in general, so there is no easy solution of the problem of war and peace with Germany in particular. In the days when victory was followed by the virtual extermination of an enemy, a war could really settle something. In the twentieth century of Christian civilization, however, we cannot destroy Germany as Rome destroyed Carthage and, short of destroying her, our victory, however complete, must be shorn of finality. As we have said, it is the Germans who are attacking and we who are on the defensive. It is they, therefore, who will decide whether, and when, there shall be war. We may succeed in defeating the present plans of the Pan-Germans as we defeated their plans of twenty-five years ago, but, if they persist in their plans and in their ill-will towards us, we cannot escape a recurrent conflict with them whenever they shall feel strong enough to force it on us again. Even if our victory is thoroughly followed up in arms and diplomacy, it can settle nothing except to make it later rather than sooner before the Pan-Germans feel strong enough to try again.

It is more than time that these realities for the future were placed before our peoples in all their clarity. At the moment,

the British peoples are deluding themselves with every kind of spurious promise. They are being told that this is Hitler's war, with the implication that, when Hitler is gone, there will be no more war with Germany. This is what the cry, 'We are only fighting Hitler' really means. They are being asked to support schemes for Federal Union which promise them that, if they do so, there will be no more war with anybody. This is why the campaign for Federal Union is flourishing. They are being encouraged to believe that, once this war is over, we shall be able to relax our efforts in arms and diplomacy, and take our ease. That is what the promise of post-war disarmament means. We are "to emerge with nothing less than a new world".

If the British peoples fight this war, as they fought the last war, buoyed up by this dream of a new and a better world, their disillusionment is likely to be bitter, and it will be as dangerous as it will be bitter. Far better that our democracies should be told now that it is idle for peoples who enjoy great possessions and prestige to imagine that, because they would like peace, they will be left in peace; that the price of liberty is unending vigilance and that if we intend to preserve in this world an international climate in which our own ideas and ideals can flourish, and our own independence be respected, we can never be dispensed from the duty of being always on guard.

Have our responsible governments the courage to tell the peoples of the Commonwealth this unpalatable truth? Will our governments explain, and our peoples realize, the hard and ineluctable decisions which must be made by statecraft, and the hard and ineluctable choice which lies before us? If they do not, if we seek to nurse our peoples through war by soothing them with the formulae of our 'progressives', by promising them disarmament and peace as the reward of their good behaviour; if, for the second time, we do this thing, it can be prophesied with complete certainty that, whether or not we win the war, we shall, for the second time, lose the peace. In that case, it would be better that we had never fought at all.



## THE MENACE OF THE BOMBER

BY AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON

EVENTS of late, in the development of warfare from the air, have combined to hasten the processes which were indicated in my last article as being in the natural order of things, and, in so doing, have without doubt enhanced the potential value of air power as an ingredient of war's destructive brew. In the course of Mr. Churchill's last Parliamentary utterance as First Lord of the Admiralty, just previous to the Ministerial reconstruction, he let drop a few guarded words which, at the time, were not accorded the full significance they deserved. He was referring to the tail end of the Norwegian campaign in explanation of the fact that the Nazis still possessed the freedom of the Skagerrak and Kattegat for the purpose of reinforcing at will their troops in Norway. The British Navy, he clearly indicated, was constrained from over active interference with the comings and the goings of these transports and supply ships owing to the simple fact that enemy air power happened to be supreme in those waters. Here then was a plain admission that it would not be safe to run the air risk, and, for the first time on record, a startled public learnt to its dismay that British sea power, until then enshrined as the one sure watch and ward, could be hampered in its action, turned aside from its former well-beaten path of strategy, and overriden in its general policy, by the menace of the bomber.

That menace has, of course, existed ever since the birth of air power, and has been very well considered in high places. The first signpost of danger to the Fleet from the air weapon was seen by shrewd observers as far back as 1921, when the ex-German dreadnought, *Ostfriedland*, was used as a target ship and sunk at her moorings in Chesapeake Bay by bombers of the U.S. Army Air Service. But since then increased protection of the deck and hull, in the case of capital ships, and increasingly

effective anti-aircraft armament with regard to all sorts of surface vessels, together with the power of manœuvre to offset the bombers' aim, have combined to lull the anxieties of those who did not deride the destructive capacity of the bomb. Now that phase, again, is over, and it becomes an acknowledged fact that to operate in certain waters, in a certain way, would be to jeopardize the fleet and offer it as a hostage of war. Thus does air power assert itself, while even now it is hardly approaching the zenith of its destructive capability.

We have been slow to read this writing on the wall, but to our enemy it has long been blazoned in letters of fire. The net result of this inability on our part to prevent, by means of sea power, the overrunning of a neutral country with a long Atlantic seaboard has been to surrender to the enemy a bastion of enormous strength and inaccessibility which projects towards our sea bases in the north and brings them within easy distance of continuous air bombardment from well-established aerodromes within the conquered territory. We have failed to appreciate the reality of air power.

Later still we have seen the same agency almost exclusively employed to compel another neutral to lay down her arms. Holland, it has to be admitted, was always in sad case as and when her invasion was decided on. Like others of her neutral, non-aggressive, species she stood in passive contemplation rather like an Arctic penguin which looks on while a boat's crew lands, and is only aware of danger when actually knocked on the head. Majestically clothed in her neutrality she hoped against hope that the storm would not come her way, or, if it did, that her plaintive cry for help might work a miracle on her behalf. She had never collaborated her defence with that of Belgium where their frontiers ran alongside, and she had never instituted staff talks with her neighbour to the south. The enemy in consequence, and quite naturally, struck hardest at the weak dividing line, and were able with consummate ease to circumvent the defensive measures, by flood and field, which had been prepared against a foe who was not given to the orthodox in war. She put up a short, brave fight indeed, but she might have been armed with bows and arrows for all the good it did. Above all she lacked air power, while her enemy possessed it in abundant



quantity, and on this account alone her conquest was foredoomed. As with Norway, so again with Holland, it was the power of the Nazi bomber that cut resistance short and imposed capitulation while the army was still in being. Nor was it the effect of air bombardment on the fighting forces at the front that brought about surrender, it was the prospect of renewed air attack on Rotterdam which compelled capitulation, together with a dire threat that the fair and ancient city of Utrecht should suffer the same experience at the hands of the Nazi Air Force.

Here then, at last, we are in presence of that effect of unrestricted air power, long predicted by many close observers, by which civilian morale becomes the more specific object of assault, rather than the mobile and immobile military defences of a country. One cannot blame the conqueror for this. His object is only to conclude his business at the least expense, to himself, of material and men, and if ancient seats of learning, mediæval architecture and the throb of ordered life in mass, get in the way of this ambition, so much the worse for them. It is total war in which the conqueror is engaged, with military success as the only goal at which he aims, and neither bricks and mortar, however picturesquely grouped, nor innocent life, however blamelessly it burns, are considered in the balance sheet. He wants to feed his war machine on the riches of the conquered territory as he passes over it, and having thus recuperated his slight losses, at the same time husbanding more provender for the continuance of the war, he will proceed to a repetition of the process, on the line of least resistance, and strike out again from the new foothold he has thus secured.

In the building up of Nazi air power Hitler has shewn himself supremely wise. There is even as yet no precise knowledge as to its extent, nor by what percentage it exceeds that of France and Britain combined. He has been lavish of it from the first. Since the commencement of hostilities his North Sea adventure in the air has occasioned him a steady dribble of loss, without, as far as can be ascertained, any compensation for the wastage sufficient for its justification in the eyes of ordinary men. One way and another a heavy toll was taken of his aircraft by the Poles in that short three weeks of war. The Nazi Air Force has

had monotonously the worst of the air exchanges on the Western Front, and there is no shadow of doubt that he has been, generally speaking, outclassed in the air. In Norway by no means did he go scot-free, though in that theatre it was the air equipment on the ground that was subjected to bombardment rather than the crews in flight who suffered loss. Now again, since the invasion of the Low Countries, and the joining of the air battle along the fighting front, from Antwerp to Sedan and beyond, Nazi aircraft of every category have suffered a stupendous loss, reliably calculated by truthful tellers as being three times greater than the Allies. Even so there is no apparent lessening of the Nazi air endeavour in that region, and it would seem at present that there is illimitable resource to fill the gaps which the casualties have caused.

Eventually, of course, this constant wear and tear must be reflected in some lessening of the enemy's air activity, though it may be shrewdly guessed that his calculation of the air power required to see him through is closely inter-woven with his reckoning of the correlative effort on the ground. That it is a nice case of measurement we may be sure, for the German military mind is adept at that sort of thing and they are far more aware of our potential force than we are of theirs. But for absolute success it has to be exact, and that is where false reckoning may creep in. When a struggle such as the one which has now commenced begins to exceed its calculated duration, as this one will, imponderables confuse the bare mathematics of the subject, occasioning delays in execution and disappointments of result, so that the figures cease to tally and a stream of improvization has to serve instead of tabled progress. For the enemy, on this occasion, it is either win or lose, with no halfway, whereas, for Great Britain at any rate, we have not fully stretched our strength, and all the measures which are in train, at home and overseas, for the building of our military power in a universal sense will enable us to renew the struggle at advantage with the comfortable assurance of a second wind. More particularly will this apply to our power in the air, rejuvenated by purchase from abroad, by the output of the Dominions training scheme, and by the products of our training grounds at home. Then, with respect to this all essential arm,



we can cheerfully take the upperhand and mete out to the enemy that which he has so ruthlessly inflicted on the smaller countries fallen under his power.

German territory itself, the Fatherland, has not felt the impact of war since Napoleon's day. Her fighting has without exception taken place outside her frontiers, and even though defeated, as in 1918, her troops have returned to a country unspoilt by war, and to a civilian population who have only suffered its rigours at secondhand. To find themselves powerless beneath a rain of bombs, and slowly to realize that the shower will only cease with the surrender of their military forces, to know unerringly that there will be no quarter while the fight continues, and to feel deep down that the awful experience, new to them, has been the common lot of the subjugated populations, these will be the truths, the reproaches, and the moral stirrings, which will arouse a detestation of the infamy of total war against which even the iron of dictatorship must bend and break.

We have begun well with our air attacks over Rhineland, though these have been undertaken with the immediate military object of hampering the enemy communications behind his fighting front. As soon as practicable we must go farther afield and bring total war to the heart of the country, and this will be easy of accomplishment as and when, having fought the Nazi to a finish in the present skies, our power accrues from every source available and we assume that position in the air which is as much our right and due as our supremacy at sea.

Even with Italy against us the final result is unalterable. That country has, it is true, considerable air power, but her northern parts are peculiarly accessible to air attack, and there at least it is beyond dispute that the country will be divided against itself if Mussolini goes to war. With a naturally friendly populace, and an unnaturally hostile Government, with a popular King averse to war, and the Vicar of the Church a spokesman for peace, it would be hard for Mussolini, with these subtle forces arrayed against him, to engender that enthusiasm which alone conduces to military success.

## A BALKAN COMMENTARY

BY GEORGE PENDLE

IN November, 1939, Dictator Metaxas prophesied that the characteristic of the new Europe would be general poverty. He added that the Greeks were not afraid of poverty: they knew all about it already. Greece is bare. Nothing that anyone can do to them will make the Greeks much poorer. As peasants, and as men driven to sea by the stony barrenness of the land, their strength is in their austerity. This austerity cannot be taken from them. It will be a valuable quality in the new Europe. And against their background of rock the Greeks have the true peasant reverence for fertility. Fertility is good. Fertility is *the* good. The Greeks reverence the fertile woman and the fertile soil. The swelling womb, the full breast, rich earth, seed, precious life-giving water, fruit—these have a positive, basic value in a sense unrecognized by Western town-civilization.

So it is with austere and earthy human material that Metaxas has been working to build a united, fascist State. He was assisted at first by the almost simultaneous death of all his political rivals, and by a widespread feeling of exasperation at the political chaos that the parliamentarians had created and maintained. His main obstacle has been the essentially democratic nature of the Greek people. Decades of oppression under the Turks equalized the Greeks in a remarkable degree. They are real democrats to one another. Thus Metaxas's design has been modified by the nature of the people, and the resultant compromise in internal affairs is not unsatisfactory. The Aegean climate which for two thirds of the year encourages the people to sleep at midday—the peasant in his field, the fisherman beside his boat, the bourgeois on his divan—does not favour rigid discipline. Many of Metaxas's original decrees have melted in the sun. Those regulations that the Greeks could



accept without too much resentment have remained, giving a definite and welcome stability to the State.

It is true that police interference is unpopular. But many of the decrees that the police enforce—such as those regulating prices, hours, wages, insurance—are beneficial. The police are much smarter than in the days of Venizelos and Tsaldaris. They shave in the morning, instead of when going off duty at night. The traffic police in Athens wear shining metal helmets shaped like those of ancient Greek warriors. Public buildings have been painted. (Kotzias, Minister for the Capital, is a publicity agent by profession, and an admirer of Mussolini). Trees have been planted. Paving-stones which formerly see-sawed when you stepped on them, now lie firmly. Trains move silently from the principal stations when their destination has been announced by a rather wheezy loudspeaker. Yet so persistent is the feeling for democracy that a well-known Athenian said to me: “Thousands of Greeks would like to see our country openly join Britain and France, not only because of our real sympathy for the Allies, but because we know that their victory would bring the fall of the Metaxas dictatorship.”

The Metaxas régime belongs to the school of Mussolini and Hitler just as the régimes of Venizelos, Benesh and Titulesco belonged to that of Westminster and the Quai d'Orsay. Metaxas was educated in Germany, and his pro-German policy in the last war brought disaster on his king. He has to be careful. The Greek people are not convinced that the concentration of Italian troops in Albania and in Adriatic ports is a friendly gesture. And on the other side is an Allied Army. One Greek said to me: “Why don't the Allies come to Salonika? We dare not invite them, but if they come, there would be no resistance. Besides, they would bring economic revival to Greece!” There have been many scares, innumerable rumours. Whatever Metaxas's sympathies may be, there can be no doubt that his main object will be to keep his country out of war. He has made no public statement of importance on this subject. It has been said that for many weeks he and the king were not on speaking terms. The rumours are exchanged quietly in offices and the backs of shops. The atmosphere of Compton Mackenzie days is revived.

Spies, secret missions, bribery, blackmail, mysterious messages, evasive answers, undecipherable codes. . . .

Meanwhile, bread is dark but nourishing. There are certain meatless days. Petrol is rationed. Taxation is heavy. It is said that for the first months of the war Greek wholesale prices rose by 7.5% against Rumania's 17.9% and Britain's 19.8%. This relatively favourable position is partly due to the success of the effort to reduce imports. In 1939 Greek-grown grain supplied 74% of the national requirements, and Greek factories provided 81.64% of the nation's demand for manufactured goods. Self-sufficiency is being encouraged. For instance, there is much propaganda in favour of the potato. I watched the frantic planting of small patches of potatoes during the last days of damp weather. Potatoes are an unpopular dish in Greece and the Government in a recent announcement said that if the people did not consume them in sufficient quantities all other vegetables would be withdrawn from the market. That is the kind of threat that is never put into effect.

While imports have been drastically curtailed, exports have been assisted by the depreciation of the drachma, which is attached to sterling. There has been a big increase in the export of olive oil and tobacco to the U.S.A.

So the Greeks wait, glad to be still at peace, bewildered by conflicting news reports from foreign radio stations, and only mildly restive under the dictatorship. They have not forgotten how they were bullied in the last war, and they expect to be similarly treated this time.

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The train climbs the dry southern slopes of the Greek mountains and descends into the rich valleys of Serbia. Rivers which were transparent in stony crevices, become brown and earthy between fertile banks. The clear Greek sky gives way to heavy, low-lying rain clouds. Men, women, and children are working the land. When the oxen have ploughed in the manure, the women break up the larger lumps of earth by hand. Then the oxen pull bundles of brushwood backwards and forwards, harrowing. There are no tractors. No machines for sowing the grain. Often the women are barefoot. The corn that they sow comes out of the naked hand and is cast with short, deliberate



gesture. Men and women alike know their soil by personal touch and experience. The cultivation is like the kneading of bread, the suckling of children: the contact is direct. The land in April and May is teeming with workers. They wear bright clothes. The shepherds have white felt skull caps, red sashes, thick white woollen trousers. The women have coloured kerchiefs round their heads and wear heavily pleated red or blue skirts that swing from their hips as they walk. It is a land to be coveted for its fertile soil, as Greece is a land to be coveted for its coasts and harbours. In both countries the peasants are poor. Changed frontiers, parliaments, dictatorships, have not improved their life. Their surplus sons cannot be absorbed in agriculture, nor can they now emigrate. They must go to provide cheap labour in the factories. They are at the mercy of the capitalist machine, whether on the land or in the town.

In 1938 during an excursion in the Balkans Dr. Funk said: "We can absorb the total production of Yugoslavia. We can provide Yugoslavia with all that she needs. We can offer her a long term commercial treaty, with prices such as no one else can give. In our programme we have planned the increase of Yugoslav and South East European production in general." The following figures indicate the extent of the trade between Yugoslavia and Germany in million dinars:

	exports to Germany:	imports from Germany:
1935	751	598
1936	1,039	1,087
1937	1,361	1,694
1938	1,813	1,618
1939	1,762	2,268
=32% of total exports		=47.7% of total imports

By comparison, Yugoslavia's exports to Britain in 1939 were 366 million, and her imports from Britain were 242 million.

Yugoslavs take it for granted that the natural outlet for their surplus products, is Germany. A business-man in Belgrade said to me: "Britain and France are *unnatural* customers. They are only coming to us now for political reasons, and so soon as they have achieved their object, they will abandon us. *Then* what will happen to our trade, if in the meantime we have diverted it from Germany to the Allies? Nor can we forget that Germany helped us in the bad years." This argument is

supported by the feeling that it is better to give Germany all that she demands, rather than suffer the fate of Poland.

But Norway also has given the Yugoslavs something to think about. The word "tourist" has acquired quite a new significance. The country is overrun by plain-clothes Germans. Standing under the Mestrovitch statue in the park at Belgrade you look out across the river. In the distance is Belgrade's International Fair. The only flags waving over the exhibition ground are bright new Nazi banners. During April a car drove through the centre of Belgrade broadcasting pamphlets in which the Serbs were advised to "welcome the friendly army", when it should arrive. An attempt has been made to control more strictly the coming and going of foreign "tourists". But there are also Yugoslav tourists. Stoyadinovitch, whose foreign policy is considered too favourable to Germany, has been interned at the Serb mountain resort of Rudnik. At the time of his arrest the newspapers contained caricatures of him in mountaineering clothes. The villagers peer out of their cottages: "Who is this tourist?", they ask. Or they enquire: "Is the ski-ing here as good as at St. Moritz, Mr. Stoya?" Herr Verlin, Hitler's technical adviser for motorization, offered a banquet in connection with the Belgrade Fair. Speaking of the part that Germany has played in the motorization of Yugoslavia and of the need for an intensification of that process in the future, he said: "There are in Europe two countries that offer special attractions for tourists. Those countries are Norway and Yugoslavia." The audience could not believe their ears.

Another attempt to strengthen the international position of Yugoslavia was the decision during April to send a trade delegation to Moscow. The old Russian Legation in Belgrade, with the imperial emblem over its door, may now have a tenant.

Large sums have been allotted to armaments. Croats unkindly say that these funds go into the pockets of the gentlemen in Belgrade. In the residential suburb of Dedinje, a Croat said to me: "This is our Maginot Line", pointing to the luxury villas.

In Croatia it is assumed that if the Macedonian Front were to open up, the Italians would step into Dalmatia. A Zagreb friend of mine, whenever this seems inevitable—i.e., every 6 or 8



weeks—goes down to Split “to say good-bye” to his seaside cottage. But Zagreb—already Germanic by architecture and, largely, by language—is more than ever a German town to-day. “Austrian, not German”, say the Croats, trying to feel independent. Placed geographically between Germans, Italians and Serbs, the Croats would like to know what plans Allies and Axis have for their future. Meanwhile they are prosperous middlemen.

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The Rumanians have more holidays than any people in Europe, but the oil continues to gush from their wells. Such riches soften a people's fibre. The Rumanians are easy-going, flashy, ready to please. They are hospitable and they make the most lavish and well-meant promises. The faculty for offering much and delivering little, the faculty for flattering and pleasing and for smoothing over an awkward situation; these are qualities which must have tried the patience of methodical Dr. Clodius. Rumanian officials in their dealings with European States are apt to make commercial treaties that look most favourable on paper, but no non-Rumanian on earth can foresee all the loopholes that will materialize—the easy-going evasions; the time lag. (This is not a criticism of the Rumanian temperament, but a statement of its nature.)

In Rumania to-day I recall Cocteau's exclamation when watching an acrobat: *Chaque pas trompe la chute*. Carol is still in charge of his kingdom. Royal landlord, chief shareholder in the country's industry, he does not intend to be tricked out of his heritage. What will he do, what *can* he do, to save it? He has tried to stabilize the internal position by improving the lot of his Hungarian and German minorities, by absorbing the rump of the Iron Guard in his Front of National Renaissance, by asking “tourists” to surrender their revolvers and cameras, by banning belligerent propaganda. On the international plane he has made a demonstration of defending his vast frontiers; he has offered to supply Germany, but has pleased the Allies by saying that from September, 1939, to February, 1940, his petrol supplies to that country were 385,000 tons instead of the promised 780,000 tons (for the same period France received 180,000 tons, Italy 260,000 tons, Britain 425,000, and other

countries 519,000); and he has co-operated with his Balkan neighbours in statements of solidarity.

"Tourisme" in Rumania has been flourishing on a gigantic scale. Hotels, cafés, trains, are full of Germans. I am told that since January, 1940, twelve new German businesses have been formed in Bucharest, and that each of these firms has, imported between 30 and 40 German employees; that example is typical. The newspaper *Universul* protests: "Tourists have developed a sudden mad passion for our country. One meets them everywhere. At Sibiu and Brashov they have a particular urge to know the details of our industrial production. In the post offices our guests, instead of sending picture postcards to their families, despatch parcels of food—butter, chocolate, soap, and sausages. In the trains it is impossible to find a seat owing to the number of tourists, and they travel so constantly that you can recognize the same face in 2 or 3 different towns on the same day." To this the paper *Curentul* retorts that the most undesirable tourists are not the Germans, but the Jewish refugees.

It is understood that at the end of March Germany demanded the right to police the whole course of the Danube. This move has been momentarily countered by the decision of the Danubian Powers to do their own policing. For a few days there had been rumours of Allied plans to block the river at the Iron Gates, and even now Rumanians say that they are more afraid of the Allies than of Germany. The assumption is that the Germans are securing more supplies by war-of-nerves methods than they could obtain (for some time at least) by open invasion, and that nothing but an Allied decision to open up the Macedonian Front would bring the German armies down through Hungary. Rumanians have complicated theories for persuading themselves that they will escape the horrors of war. Most of these theories rest on the assumption that Italy will not allow Germany, Russia, or the Allies to seize the estuary of the Danube. Italy's diplomatic position is very strong in Bucharest, and *Pamfil Seicaru* goes so far as to write: "Italy places the interests of European civilization above her own immediate interests. In Africa she has fought for the right of the white peoples to dominate the coloured races. In Spain the struggle



was that of the Roman spirit against the Asiatic. Without any personal interest fascist Italy has defended with vehemence the threatened spiritual discipline of Europe."

Mobilization has been in operation in Rumania since September 1938. (The expense has been enormous, and is reflected in the great increase in the cost of living.) You still see the narrow-waisted, music-hall officers strolling down the Calea Victoriei with their high-heeled girls. Near Craiova I passed a long train of cattle-trucks crowded with peasants. It was a hot Spring day. In spite of the heat they were wearing their thick peasant clothes : white woollen trousers, sheepskin hats and waistcoats, coarse white or red stockings, and old scraps of motor-car tyres strapped over their feet. They were herded together in the cattle-trucks, and they stared at us as we passed. They had lean, sunburnt faces, and shepherds' eyes which see only the essential things. They were being taken to the frontier to be dressed in khaki and to be given old French rifles with long thin barrels and long thin bayonets. The young Rumanian woman sitting beside me said : " These are the men who will die. These are the men who will lose arms and legs ", and there were tears in her eyes.

*(Mr. George Pendle returned from one of his regular visits to the Balkans at the beginning of May).*

## THE NORWEGIAN CAMPAIGN

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND AND MAJOR-GENERAL  
SIR CHARLES GWYNN

### I.

**A**LTHOUGH the invasions of Holland and Belgium overshadow the Norwegian campaign, it is worth attempting some estimate of the balance of gain and loss in that operation. Apart from the gain of food supplies out of Denmark, and the facilities for military communication across Denmark between Germany and Norway, the German aims in the Norwegian campaign were twofold : to assure the supply of iron-ore from the Norwegian ports, and to obtain naval and air bases in Norway.

As to the first of these, the struggle for Narvik is still undecided at the time of writing. Fortunately the enemy was not given time to establish himself firmly in the port. The naval attack, sinking as it did several of the ships carrying the munitions for the defence of the port, deprived him of the material means of securing his hold and forming his base. As the harbour mouth was not closed, it was possible to land troops to deal with the enemy and dispute possession of the port. The fundamental element in this section of the theatre is that the Germans do not hold that harbour and until or unless they can recover the port by military means that source of iron-ore is denied to them. So far, therefore, as the purpose of the invasion was related to obtaining ore supplies it has, for the present, failed.

The British occupation of the port involves an extra naval and mercantile commitment, in the need for maintaining supplies and reinforcements for the troops : transports are needed to carry these, men-of-war to protect the transports, men-of-war to prevent the enemy from moving troops by sea, and to assist the defenders with any action that lies in their



power in the way of attacking enemy troops approaching that coast.

As to the second of the German objects, that of obtaining advanced bases for their Fleet and Air Forces, the Germans have had success. It has long been their desire to possess such advanced bases and they have now established themselves in Trondheim and Bergen, and they can use other fjords if the need for so doing should be felt. They now possess aerodromes for their aircraft and harbours as bases for their men-of-war. So far as the air element in this matter is concerned, this greatly reduces the distance which aircraft have to fly to reach the northern bases of the British fleet. From Stavanger to Scapa Flow is about 350 miles against the 600 from German territory, thus reducing a total flight from 1200 to 700 miles. This enables aircraft to carry heavier loads of bombs, and to make more frequent flights. In other words, aerial striking power is increased against the fleet bases and the Northern stretch of the coastal trade.

As far as the Navy is concerned, the German naval forces possess bases further advanced towards their possible objectives by about 750 miles, making a saving in distance over voyages made from the ports in the Bight of about 1500 miles. What are such possible objectives? The coasting trade along the east coast, the vessels of the Northern Patrol and the outer trade routes. Ships or squadrons attempting sallies against the coastal convoys, such as those executed in the last war by German cruisers and destroyers, have now so much less distance to go to reach them and a shelter so much nearer into which to retire if threatened with interception or pursuit.

Thus, though Germany has not as yet obtained one of the objects for which she invaded Norway she has improved the geographical conditions for attack upon the Fleet in its northern bases, the trade, the Northern Patrol, and the cruiser warfare. This however is not all gain. If she has brought her own aircraft nearer to the British naval bases, she has also brought her own naval squadrons nearer to the British air bases. Moreover, while Germany has obtained these advanced bases, she has also incurred the obligation of maintaining an army amounting, so it is reported, to about 120,000 men, in Norway. The vessels

and aircraft which must be allotted to the defence of the line of military supplies are not at the same time available for attack upon trade. The campaign has also made important inroads into her cruiser and flotilla forces. There still seems to be some doubt as to the exact nature of her naval losses, but they appear to be not less than four cruisers and eight destroyers, together with the temporary disablement of one battle-cruiser and an armoured cruiser : and she seems to have lost over fifty aircraft. So, while the base conditions for these offensives have been improved, the means of making them have been impaired until fresh construction shall have replaced her cruisers and destroyers.

It is not very easy to make an estimate of how the enemy at the present moment regards the prospects of trade attack. There is very little doubt that trade attack formed an appreciably important element in the German war-plan. Considerable hopes were entertained of the combined effect of oceanic cruiser attack, submarines, aircraft and mines, hopes which it can hardly be doubted have been disappointed. The cruise of the armoured cruiser *Graf Spee* achieved very little : the destruction of eight merchant ships and the singularly small disturbance to mercantile movements were unsatisfactory returns for the loss of the ship. The losses from submarines, which certainly appeared threatening in September and October, have since then been brought well within bounds, and air attacks upon convoys have given results far below what might reasonably have been expected from them. Mines have also taken their toll of ships both in convoy and sailing separately—the number of ships sunk by them has not been made public. We do, however, know that the convoy system has given very satisfactory results. According to figures available at the time of writing, something approaching 20,000 ships have sailed in convoy, with losses of little over thirty, and not all of those were sunk by submarines. As to the total losses of shipping, an excellent graph appeared in *The Times* on May 13, which presents a convincing picture of the failure of the attack on trade to produce decisive results. There is little reason to suppose that the occupation of the Norwegian bases will make any material difference in this respect, but it will help to maintain that diversion of naval force and the slowing up of shipping



movements which is one of the results of trade attack apart from the actual losses which it imposes.

Although the attack upon trade has received a check it is not to be assumed that it has ceased, even though the great German effort at this moment is being made on land in France and Belgium. The German shipbuilding yards are presumably busy producing cruisers, flotilla craft and submarines as fast as they can. Anyone who has visited the museums at Hamburg will have seen how great the output was from the building slips at that port during the last war. We do well to be prepared for a recrudescence of submarine attack, and for the use of fast surface craft, when the building slips begin delivery.

How far has the occupation of Norway affected the blockade? As I have already said, it has given the enemy more favourable positions from which the blockading squadron in the North of Scotland might be attacked. On the other hand, however, it seems possible that it has reduced the importance of that squadron in so far as its duties concern the blockade. Neither Norway, Sweden nor Denmark are any longer channels through which goods reach Germany, and the invasion of Holland and Belgium has closed the inevitable leaks through the ports of those countries. The contraband control, though it could cut off much that Germany needed, was not watertight. The neutral ships, principally belonging to those powers whom Germany has invaded, and which plied to their ports, now ply no longer. In other words, Germany has now completed her own blockade so far as the Northern states outside the Baltic are concerned. She has not added much to her imports from Scandinavia, which she was able to get before she invaded Norway; but she has deprived this country of certain valuable raw materials, particularly steel alloys, which Britain drew from that country.

Economic warfare is a long-term operation. It would seem that the invasion of Holland and Belgium aims at producing a decision before the blockade can produce its results. The seizure of stocks of food and other goods will tide over the time, and the fact that those invasions, together with that of Norway and Denmark, constitute an increase in the stringency, is accepted in order to bring about a decisive result by attacks

upon France and England. Knock-out blows are intended in the form of military invasion and devastation of France, crippling aerial blows upon England from Low Country aerodromes, and flotilla, submarine and aerial attack from the Flanders coasts upon the shipping in the Channel and in the Narrow Seas. A call may, therefore, arise for more small craft in those waters, as it did when the Germans held Ostend and Zeebrugge. The possession of bases in Norway may affect the situation if it produces a demand for more light craft in the North Sea.

ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND.

## II.

IT is possible to examine the Norwegian balance sheet with equanimity though admittedly there are some doubtful items. The allied navies have suffered some damage and there have been losses in the merchant shipping used as transport; but in neither case have the losses approached those the Navy and Air Force have inflicted on the enemy, either in actual numbers, or when reckoned as percentages of total resources.

The loss of life in enemy transports sunk must have been heavy though for the immense German army not a serious diminution of strength. On land the casualties have probably been fairly evenly divided and what the allies lost in material is more than offset by what the Germans lost in their transports. The German Air Force was, of course, much more extensively engaged than that of the Allies and probably lost more aircraft. Expenditure of petrol and wear and tear of machines must have been much greater.

The really important fact is that the Allies have been able to cut their losses and drastically reduce their commitments, whereas German commitments remain considerable. Her small force at Narvik is apparently in a dangerous position and she has still to deal with Norwegian resistance. Her communications with Oslo, though they cannot be totally interrupted, are exposed to more serious attack than those of the Allies to the Narvik theatre. Bacon wrote something to the effect "that he wh



commands the sea can take as much or little after war as he wills". That has proved true in this case although in modern war, once great forces and masses of material have been committed, it has, I think, lost much of its truth.

Now that the war has begun in earnest we may therefore congratulate ourselves that we were able to limit our commitments before we became deeply engaged. Unless Sweden had decided to come to the rescue of Norway there would have been no prospect that a Scandinavian war would compel Germany to make a continuous and exhausting effort on a scale equal to that which would have been imposed on the Allies. It is too early yet to judge of what value to Germany the possession of the central and southern ports and airfields of Norway will be. The distances by air to the northern British bases are still considerable and those to the southern part of Britain and the North Sea have not been shortened. We have already learnt that the Navy has laid minefields which must hamper the action of U boats and surface craft to an extent which was impracticable while Norwegian territorial waters could be misused.

On the whole it would seem that the Norwegian affair has turned to our advantage, the more so if Norway is able to continue to offer resistance though it may be only of a guerilla character. Admittedly what advantages we have gained are not due to our foresight or intentions but rather to a false move on the part of the enemy, one which I believe he would not have made if he had not been over confident that Norway would tamely surrender.

Why have events in Norway caused such bitter disappointment in this country and so much criticism among our friends, and how far are disappointment and criticism justified ?

They are due, I suggest, in the first place, to anger that Hitler, taking advantage of the initiative which the aggressor must always hold, should again have succeeded in presenting a *fait accompli*, though this time with only partial success. Secondly, there was the natural reaction when it was realized that the magnificent success of the allied submarines in their first attacks on the enemy's convoys could not be repeated on the same scale once the German air force was fully established in Danish and Norwegian aerodromes.

Thirdly, no doubt optimism was encouraged by inaccurate reports from Stockholm which appeared in the Press and by incautious statements made in speeches. Mr. Churchill has explained how a statement of his acquired an unintentional meaning, through the omission of a few words when it was reported. Fourthly, not enough attention was paid to the very guarded character of the official communiqués which was generally ascribed solely to need for secrecy. It might have been well to have added a few words of warning in them.

Apart from these factors which affected public opinion, and which acquired weight through popular ignorance of military problems and geographical conditions, there has been criticism of the action taken by the Government. Why was the Finland force not kept in being? Events of the last few days go far to provide an answer. If we had a great army of highly trained troops it would certainly be advisable always to keep a reserve in this country ready to meet unexpected emergencies. The fact however remains that a fully equipped and highly trained army cannot be raised at short notice. We know how small our regular army is and it naturally has to be used in the theatre which at any moment might acquire decisive importance.

It must be realized, moreover, that Mr. Hore Belisha's suddenly produced scheme for duplicating the territorial army, though it provided for ultimate increased expansion, did for a time deprive us of, and delay the formation of, an organized and partly trained second line army. It would be more justifiable I think to criticize the Government for accepting the risk which intervention in Finland implied than to criticize it for returning the components of the Finland force to their former stations. When the force was formed seasonal conditions made it improbable that a great German offensive was imminent but, as summer approached, the chances that it would come increased.

It should be realized, too, that to hold a force in immediate readiness for despatch to a yet undefined destination overseas meant much more than the fighting force concerned. Shipping for its conveyance, naval escorts for convoys, labour units for dock working and the construction of bases at the points of disembarkation are all essentials. Then there would be the equipment of the force itself. What climate and what physical



features must it be prepared to meet? Although it was known that a German amphibian operation was in preparation Norway was not clearly indicated as its destination.

Even if it had been indicated there was still a doubt what the attitude of Norway would be. Norway was known to be threatened but she made no move. The only possible way of anticipating German action would have been to have occupied her main west coast ports and perhaps one or more of her aerodromes without her permission. Can any critic of the Government say that he would have approved such action? We can remember the commotion caused in other neutral countries by the much more justifiable mining of Norwegian territorial waters. How and when the German troop carriers and warships arrived within striking distance of Trondheim has not yet been fully revealed, but, if the Norwegian Government was not aware of their movements, it could hardly be expected that our Navy and Air Force, excluded from territorial waters, would have made the discovery.

Once the *fait accompli* was known what should have been the British reaction? Whether the Navy could or should have forced an entrance to the Trondheim Fjord will, I suppose, remain a matter of controversy. In any case it could not have been done before the German troops were well established. There would still, therefore, have remained the task of landing troops to recapture the place in face of opposition. Gallipoli has taught us what that means and it certainly could not have been successfully accomplished except by highly trained troops, thoroughly organized and equipped for the attempt. Is it reasonable to assert that the War Cabinet should have held such a force in immediate readiness in view of all the uncertainties as to German and Norwegian intentions?

It must be remembered that at Namsos and Andalsnes the first landing was not opposed and it was only when German air attack developed that the real trouble began. Unless the Trondheim aerodrome had been captured at once the same trouble must have occurred if a landing at Trondheim had been attempted. The chances of capturing it in view of the opposition to be encountered would have been very small. It is true that the Navy, if it had entered the Fjord, would have accounted for the

German ships in it. The Germans would not, therefore, have had destroyers to convey and support troops for their counter attack at Steinkjer. That, however, was a minor affair which did not affect the main issue. The main issue was decided by the German local air supremacy to which there was no answer possible.

One may reasonably question whether the certainty that the Germans would be able to establish such complete air supremacy was fully realized when it was decided to land at the little ports of Namsos and Andalsnes. In the urge to support Norwegian resistance and to recapture Trondheim it is forgivable if difficulties were underestimated. They certainly were not realized by the public at large.

Where the War Cabinet deserved credit was in their prompt decision to cut their losses and face the political consequences of public disappointment. The effort that had been made was not entirely fruitless. It did bring support to the Norwegians and if it could not rescue them it did prevent their being completely overwhelmed. To have continued the effort might have been disastrous in the local theatre and would most certainly have heavily handicapped us in the great struggle in which we are now engaged.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN.



## BRITISH PROPAGANDA IN THE UNITED STATES

By ALISTAIR COOKE

TO describe the activities of British propaganda in the United States at this stage of the war is rather like being asked to list the illegitimate children of a respectable peer; their identity may be common gossip but the old gentleman himself is unlikely to name them unless an inheritance is imperilled or he feels his end is near. Most Britons are therefore surely satisfied by Lord Macmillan's official announcement that the British government is conducting no propaganda in the United States. Americans are not reassured by this declaration, for an active variety of reasons, fears, and memories, which probably no living neurologist could hope to classify. The best that this correspondent, living in the U.S.A., can do is to identify some of the sources of suspicion and say what has been done officially to disinfect American opinion.

History has soberly recorded that President Wilson thought, in April, 1917, that intervention was essential to American interest and ideals, and his decision was confirmed with only five dissenting voices in the Senate and fifty in the House. No Briton alive and sentient during the years before the American entry will now deny that there was an active Allied propaganda campaign in America and that it was successfully conducted. This does not of course mean that this campaign alone had the power to ensure American intervention. But a large and vocal American opinion to-day is prepared to make it mean just that. The idea that the 1917 decision was a blunder, on both counts—of interest and idealism—is by no means restricted to professional isolationists. One survey has stated that American opinion is about evenly divided on conceding either the American entry or the Prohibition experiment as the worst political blunder of the last quarter century.

Consequently, many American newspapers and magazines

thought it their first duty, after the outbreak of this war, to print series of articles on the propaganda methods of the belligerents between 1914 and 1917. The Allied efforts were especially stressed, since this time there is no question of arguing a competing case. The record was fairly and thoroughly publicized, and to any candid man it is not a pleasant recollection. Even Lord Bryce, who is generally recognized as the most informed and objective foreign observer of American government since De Tocqueville, was castigated as an example of what can happen to high-mindedness acting under the stress of hate. There was an instant and nation-wide reaction of fear to the power of Allied persuasion. 'We must look to our dikes lest the Pied Pipers lure us down to the sea' was only one of a thousand picturesque warnings in newspaper and magazine articles that reiterated the declaration of a West Coast labour pamphlet called 'Lafayette we are here—and here we intend to stay'. A young Irish-American wrote a broadside which sold over three million copies. It was called, 'The Yanks Are Not Coming'. The urbane British rejoinder, whenever it was invited by these aspersions, that 'we are quite satisfied by the present status of the United States' only made Allied intentions more suspect, since American editorial writers tend to regard urbanity coming from a Briton as something very like Apollo's invitation to Cassandra.

Reasonable Britons may be puzzled by this almost psychotic dread of a bogey man who deserted these shores twenty-two years ago and who had not yet appeared on the horizon. Why, it may be wondered, should Americans be more suspicious of British propaganda than of German propaganda?

First, nobody could track down a particular public ceremony, or a piece of journalism, or a play or a speech and confidently label it 'British propaganda', whereas German propaganda arrives in your mail-box promptly every week in the form of a publication by the German Library of Information, called *Facts in Review*. But there is more to it than a universal dread of the unseen. In the first World War, each side had its staunch adherents in this country, but there was also a huge population of the unconvinced. Allied and German propaganda work here could be described as an actual battle of wits. To-day, American



opinion is overwhelmingly anti-Hitler. There is not the slightest chance of American aid to Germany. The only change in the American *status quo* would be a departure from neutrality. And the only people who could make that possible are the Allies. Therefore, Allied propaganda is most to be feared. Therefore, Americans want to anticipate propagandist moves, to be sure they can recognize the signs of pressure, to discover a method of inoculation before the intervention bug takes hold. It is, I think, fair to say that Americans fear their sympathies more than any proffered threat to the continental United States of a victorious Germany. And Allied publicists make a mistake in waving this threat in the, unexpressed, hope that Americans will decide they had better fight now than later on. It was noticeable, for instance, that the only effect of Mr. Winston Churchill's speech on the theme of 'if we fail, America is the next victim' was to busy Americans with the problems of their own defence, since they are still able to envisage an Allied defeat as the first direct threat to this hemisphere.

There has been no attempt so far to identify British propaganda, if any, apart from the general studies on propaganda technique of the Institute For Propaganda Analysis. But at the end of March, the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations unanimously approved a resolution, outstanding since the Autumn, to investigate foreign propaganda and its dissemination in the United States. An appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars has been voted for a committee of seven Senators to study fully 'the activities of any person, firm or corporation acting for any nation, by way of propaganda or otherwise, having as their ultimate goal or tending to cause, directly or indirectly, a change in the neutral position of the United States in the conflicts now being waged abroad'. Senator Clark, of Missouri, who first proposed the study, said that the investigation was not aimed at any special group. He admitted that any propagandist has a perfect right to attempt to win American friendship for his side. "The only thing I have in mind," he declared, "is to find out what this propaganda consists of now, while it is being distributed, instead of waiting twenty years for the information."

The Committee will have the usual power of subpoena, but

before the resolution was adopted the Committee on Foreign Relations made one amendment which reaffirmed the constitutional guarantee of free speech for anybody wishing to comment on foreign affairs.

Any belligerent which knows its own propagandist policy has cause to be grateful for this resolution. For in the absence of any official investigating body, speculation and suspicion have turned nervously on almost any alien resident of the United States who is not a full-blooded Indian. If there has been a British fault, it has been in the vague way that Britons, and some British institutions, in this country define their own status. A great many Americans regard 'propaganda' as an entirely legitimate and necessary form of international conduct. They grow suspicious only when an alien is uncertain whether he is prepared or not to make public statements in support of a belligerent case. The Foreign Agents Act, which requires the registration of all those persons acting for gain under the instructions of a foreign power, or who address American audiences in speaking or writing as if with the consent of their government, has unluckily never been tested. So incoming aliens who are definitely here on a commercial mission, and lecturers who propose to expound the Allied cause, have almost all not bothered to register. Whereas, many conscientious resident aliens who recall that at some time or other they have addressed an American audience, even a few uncertain foreign correspondents, have gone down to Washington and registered 'just to be certain'. The general impression of a 'propagandist' is consequently blurred and until the Senate Committee achieves specific definitions, or the British Foreign Office cares to insist on a distinct classification of all British subjects sailing to the United States, the search for alien propaganda will run the gamut from legal enquiry to a witch-hunt.

Anybody who wants to know, then, how persuasively the British case is being sustained in the United States—and that surely would be the propagandist aim—will have to dismiss the official British claim and begin by considering what an American might consider 'British propaganda' whether you would call it that or no. By this muddled, but ubiquitous, test, any Briton resident in the United States whether working for a British firm



or not, and who is not already an American citizen, or in train for naturalization, can fairly be regarded as a propagandist agent. He is likely to endorse the official British position, which is a step further than an American need go who merely unlooses a verbal thunderbolt in the direction of Berchtesgaden or the Kremlin. If he is a likeable fellow, he may persuade Americans to his point of view, which is after all no more than Sir Gilbert Parker could do in 1916. This is possibly the extreme that anybody's suspicion can stretch to, but your correspondent would not begin there if many irate American groups did not begin there also. However far-fetched this aspersion might seem, it is the hypothesis on which several Senators have framed eighty-odd anti-alien bills which will come up before the present session of Congress. The oldest Congressman cannot recall any comparable previous onslaught on the rights of aliens. Many of these bills are no better than the handy tar-and-feathers of patriotic organizations already suspect to the average American, and they will never become law. It is pretty certain, for example, that Representative Pace, of Americus, Georgia will go to his grave clutching his private dream bill, which calmly disposes of aliens for ever in the simple section: 'that after December 31st, 1939, every alien in the United States shall be forthwith deported.' And so far, most of them have been introduced by Congressmen from states which have the minimum ties with foreign born Americans. But a threat to the ordinary civil rights of foreign residents here can, under the stimulus of the right kind of witch-hunt (Christian Front organizations, say, or a revived Klan) soon intimidate the liberties of native Americans. A good many prominent writers and publicists are sufficiently worried over the prospect to have formed a Committee For The Protection of The Foreign Born, under the joint chairmanship of Ernest Hemingway and Dr. William Allan Neilson, President Emeritus of Smith College. It is, anyway, a bad time for aliens to speak out too loud or clear and if the temperature of suspicion rises there are some groups of Britons in the U.S. who should hasten to make clear their position to themselves, so they may honestly announce it to Americans.

The first target of people who have never previously thought

of the British as active propagandists is an institution which has not, so far as I know, suffered any indignity or public accusations, but which Americans, hearing about for the first time, take to be a typically unassuming fount of propaganda. It bears a name similar to the registered German source of propaganda publication. It is, in fact, called The British Library of Information. It needs neither prejudice nor second sight to discover that it is doing, and for twenty years has been doing, a very different job from the German Library of Information.

The Library describes itself as ' a centre of public information maintained by the British Government as part of its official establishment in the United States '. After following up various suspicions that Americans have voiced to me, I believe the Library is exactly that. It is attached to the British Consulate-General in New York as a reference authority, and the resources of its government publications, state documents, and government research studies in such things as tropical medicine, agriculture, fisheries and so on, are at the service of the British Consulates throughout the United States. They are also at the service of the American public and of anybody else who wants to verify a source, check the official text of a British Minister's speech, or learn the awesome hierarchy of British naval decorations. American newspapers and magazines use it freely for background material on articles about the Empire, and while the Library willingly offers them the text of a Gold Coast cocoa report, or the Victoria County history of England (in 99 volumes), their conclusions are their own. I have not been able to verify a single instance of information being handed out with a bonus of opinion. Since the war its staff, which normally consists of a Director and an Assistant Director, two librarians and a few clerks, has been increased to take care of the increased volume of enquiry. The British blockade alone has about doubled the daily requests for information on tactics, precedents, the corresponding experience of the last war. The Library does not, however, like its German prototype, issue any publication of its own.

An outsider would be hard pressed to say whether its virtues, such as its lacking a bulletin or house publication, are a result of policy or penury. For until recently, it was operating in



pitifully cramped quarters and suggested to the average American newspaper man a provocatively hang-dog symbol of an Empire on relief. Its budget is voted by the Foreign Office and since the war it seems to have been getting along without any added appropriation, though its subordinate staff now works on two shifts, and has added to its labours a confidential daily and weekly summary of American press opinion for the benefit of the Embassy in Washington and for various government departments in London. The heads of the Library staff are in close touch with the corresponding French officials, at the French Information Centre. This relation in itself can offer grounds for suspicion, since the French have at least one official appointed from Paris and dedicated to answering current American criticisms of French government and French colonial administration. But in all its dealings with the public, and especially with Americans, it would seem to be strictly a public reference library on the British Empire. It is registered under the Foreign Agents Act, and so is the North American office of the B.B.C.

At the moment, the clamourings of super-patriots aside, there is no continuous complaint about British propaganda or even much comment on the noticeable increase of Britons in the cities of the Atlantic seaboard, though they include, as well as business men, novelists, stranded undergraduates, and men over military age seeking a fresh start, a good number of escapists from the black-out. Older Americans express occasional surprise that so many aimless and apparently able-bodied men should be over here, but perhaps this is an oddity which those who understand the nature of the present war can easily explain. There is, however, a general uneasiness, which has not yet become organized into a protest, about the status and motives of what might be called the British migratory lecturers. In the early Autumn, they are as familiar a sight as the warblers winging south, and after six or seven decades their habits are almost as well known. It was expected that this year the lecturers would be missing from their habitat. But they mustered a surprising quota and are now curiously observed by people who normally look on lecturers as smart fellows justifiably soaking the women's clubs. This is by no means intended as a flippant view of the

lecturer type. The large majority of educated Americans hold a view several degrees more ribald and always regret that truly distinguished authors get caught in a routine that is regarded, outside such Anglophile centres as Boston and Philadelphia, as a mean truckling to a nursery view of culture. Accordingly, even the visiting great come to some curious conclusions on the intelligence and habits of the American people, but this time the misunderstandings have been resented sooner and there are authentic records of lectures which started out as benign presentations of British ideals and ended as creditable enactments of the Sidney Street massacre. The Englishman, especially if he is new to the game, grows more loftily self-controlled, the more he gets heckled. As long as Britons enjoy the democratic right to talk as they please away from home, and as long as American lecture agents will book them profitably, there is not much that can be done about this type of well-intentioned pest. For with few exceptions (and of course excluding all responsible scholars and scientists who come to discuss their special field with their equals) he remains a pest, of doubtful value to the British cause or the British case. The only dependable lecturer is one who knows his audience as well as his subject. And this has not often happened in the long history of the British lecturer in the United States.

At the moment, they certainly tend to stimulate the misgivings and distrust they have come so far to placate. I am writing mainly of vagrant novelists, journalists, amateur 'experts' on foreign affairs, and fugitives from beautiful letters. Since Americans are so patiently polite, and since it is comparatively easy for a nonentity to meet prominent men and government officials on the slimmest pretext of wanting information, the fussy goings and comings of international busybodies are amiably tolerated. But if the Foreign Office were to give such people labels positively naming their status and their official business, or were severely to restrict the export of lecturers on general cultural topics, Americans to-day would more calmly discount the rumours of intense, and clandestine, British propaganda.

One might expect that the British film colony on the West Coast would be under scrutiny, but nobody has minded much



their harmless charity balls, which are conducted as zestfully as the campaigns of Eastern socialites to collect Bundles for Britain. (There is, however, matter for irony in the unflagging devotion to the British Empire which glows from some productions of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It is doubtful if the most reckless British propagandist would have dared suggest the making of a film like the newly released *Earl of Chicago*, which is a breathtaking tribute to English *noblesse oblige*, or would ever hope to capture such a prize as the casting of Charles Laughton for the title rôle in *Benjamin Franklin*, which this studio has guilelessly announced. Ronald Colman is now unofficially announced to enact the movie biography of Frank Lloyd Wright !)

The only other group that has fanned editorial anger has been the militant clergy. Because they must professionally speculate on moral themes, their casual opinions have seemed, when reprinted in the American press, to imply moral condemnation of the present American stand. Thus a press association release from London quotes a reverie of the Bishop of Ely, to this effect : ' If I were a citizen of the United States I would not have an easy conscience. Just standing aside and doing nothing when a great struggle for liberty is progressing, doing nothing but getting rich quick in the supply of munitions to those engaged in slaughter would not give me an easy conscience.' There is hardly a decent fact in this whole lament and it quickly called forth the retort from Gen. Hugh Johnson, who is at once an Allied sympathizer, an isolationist, and a fearsomely honest man—' my conscience as a citizen of the United States rests a lot easier on our international record of the last twenty-three years than would my conscience as a British subject, especially if I were a man of God like the Bishop of Ely.'

It may seem lame to conclude that there is yet no evidence of any organized British propaganda in America. If the Senate Committee findings confirm this opinion, there will probably be a temporary let-up in the fear of what the British are doing. It could not, however, be permanent unless the Allies were decisively winning, because America is, in the view of people who most fear Allied propaganda, witnessing a repeat performance of an earlier European tragedy. They will continue to be neurotically sensitive to any cut which calls for their re-entry in the last act

## CHRIST OR CHAOS

BY GEORGE LANSBURY

*Mr. Lansbury died on May 7 at the age of 81. Shortly before his death he submitted the following article to The Editor with these words, "you will know it is much on the lines we talked and I wrote. I feel I want to get what I say read as widely as possible." His words referred to a previous letter in which he had stated: "There are many things for which I hope I would be willing to give my life or lose it, as Latimer, Ridley and millions like them have done." He concluded thus: "Anyhow I am a bit tired writing and arguing. Life for me has been very mixed. Honestly I have tried to live as a Christian, but have often, very often, failed—defects of character and temper account for much failure. But overriding everything else is the simple fact that I have had to earn the means of life for myself and family within a society based on competitive struggle—a society which worships personal success whether in politics, business or religion. This is a condition of things which is man-made and in time can be changed. Prayer, co-operation one with another, will help once we have seen clearly there are evils in the world, which though personal are in fact impersonal, and can only be effectively changed by collective action of those who see a Great Light and are prepared to follow wherever it may lead."*

VERY few days pass without my receiving invitations to take part in the work of organizations founded for the purpose of calling the nation back to religion. In various ways myself and others support some of these efforts, because we are convinced that there will be no real peace and security in the world until our daily lives are ordered and governed by the teachings of Jesus. It is, however, necessary for those of us who support the call to be quite sure what we mean. Men and women of my generation, who took any thought about social and public life, will remember that the call back to religion is no new one. Early on in life we heard and took part in national and international missions designed to rouse us from the lethargy of indifference and, as some writers put it, from the heathenism which appeared to prevail throughout our country.

The famous social investigator, the late Charles Booth, who during the 'eighties' organized an intensive investigation into life and labour conditions in East and South-East London,

paid a high tribute of praise to those who, in one great mission or another, were carrying on the task of teaching religion under extremely discouraging circumstances. George R. Sims, a brilliant journalist, wrote *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London*; General Booth gave us *In Darkest England and the Way Out*; William Stead led a great crusade against the white slave traffic in what he described as *The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon*. All the time new churches and chapels were being built and all the time those in charge deplored the scanty attendances at services. Some few great preachers and evangelists were able to fill quite large buildings, Spurgeon in South London, Archibald Brown, one of his disciples, in East London. Side by side were F. N. Charrington and Dr. Barnardo, both of whom quarrelled as furiously as two prize fighters but each of them doing a good day's work for God and the people. The Roman Catholic Church, with its band of devoted priests and sisters, toiled away among the poorest of the poor, inspired by the work and example of their leader, the late Cardinal Manning—whilst the Anglican Church, led by men like Father Enright, Father Dolling and many another, broke with tradition and gave a new vision of what the Anglican Church stood for. Bishop Howe, first Bishop of East London, followed by others—especially the present Archbishop of Canterbury—made a big contribution to the spiritual and social life of their day.

I could fill this journal several times over with memories of those not far off days. My object, however, is not to write in a reminiscent style but to draw attention to the fact that all through my lifetime this call for religion has gone on. No one who knows the facts will dare to say the efforts have all failed. Certainly not! They have kept alive, in face of great and growing difficulties, man's faith in God as the Founder and Giver of life and have brought about very many beneficent changes in our social and industrial existence. Yet although this is the case, no man will deny that for the great mass of people organized religion has no place at all in their lives. There is probably more practical religion than ever before but the struggle for bread and position is also keener. The fierce atheism and agnosticism of fifty years ago has passed away. Nobody now asks where did Cain's wife come from? There are, however, other



and much more serious questions to which thinking men and women find no answer either in sermons, lectures or articles by learned divines.

The overriding questions of life and conduct perplex and bewilder all who give any thought to this vital matter of religion. His Holiness the Pope, His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and His Eminence Cardinal Hinsley each gave an Easter message to the world, each explained the truth that only by accepting the teaching of Jesus Christ and practising His precepts could the world of men and women be saved from the horrors of war, yet each appeared to support the war now being waged as God's way of putting the world right. Force must be met with force.

When I drew attention to the efforts made during my lifetime to call the nation to the service of God, it was for the purpose of now pointing out that such appeals failed to secure universal response because religion bears no relation to the struggle for existence. Life for the masses is a competitive struggle from school days until death. There is for the vast majority no respite. The struggle sometimes brings out good points in character but in the main the words 'Business is Business' rule our lives, and business means looking after number one. There are exceptions especially where there are great monopolies. It is, however, true that there is no security in life for the great majority of people who work for their daily bread, unless they find a corner in what are known as sheltered occupations such as government, municipal and great corporate semi-government agencies.

As emphatically as is possible for me to say it, I declare there can be and will be no true Christian religion, fully and completely governing our daily lives, until this vicious man-made competitive struggle is removed from our lives. The first Christians understood this when they had all things in common. To-day, nearly 2,000 years later, life is more complex but even so it is easier now to usher in the Christian state than ever before. The world is smaller. We are able to bring to the service of each other all the great discoveries and inventions science has given us. We know as never before there is no room at the top for all who are capable of serving as heads of great undertakings. We know there is no reason why either childhood or old age should

be endured in penury and want. This brings me back to the present day. I do not dare to presume even to try and judge the minds of His Holiness the Pope or His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. The latter has given me the privilege of his friendship for many years, years during which we have sometimes spoken together and often disagreed. But to-day, when all the world is racked with suffering and disillusionment, it is impossible for me to believe the social and industrial evils of our day can be remedied by words, or that it is God's will that the competitive system of living shall be preserved at the cost of men's and women's peace of mind. Neither is it possible for me to think it is the will of God that German Protestants and Catholics should butcher French and British Catholics and Protestants and vice versa. Men and women all down the ages have paid lip service to the God of love and peace and gone about the task of slaying their enemies in the name of God, just as men are asked to do to-day. There is no need to quote scripture because, as the atheists tell us, it is easy to quote one text against another. It is, however, possible to think of our Lord's life and death. What we are and what we do stamps our faith before the world. Jesus, our Master, Guide and Friend in the supreme moment of His Agony cried, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do". Nobody desires to hold the leaders of Christendom solely responsible for the plight of the world. Laymen and clerics all are responsible. None is free from blame; although some, because of their learning, would appear to have a greater responsibility than others.

In this our day of tribulation, when mankind is reaping a deadly harvest of evil sowing and all of us view to-morrow with anxiety, it is surely the duty of all who profess the name of Christ to cry aloud from the housetops for peace. It may be others in other lands will pay no heed to our call—does that mean we should meekly give up the religion we have given our word to serve? Surely not! The twelve fishermen and their friends and disciples could not change the Roman Empire. That mighty power tortured, crucified and imprisoned those simple disciples of a simple love. But Rome and its power perished as other powers before and since have perished. They went to destruction because their power rested on force, and at

no time has it ever been possible to establish permanent peace by force. The Cross still stands as the symbol of sacrificial love triumphant over all the powers of darkness. For, is it not true that we who feel the call of religion in our lives are inspired, not by the world's military conquerors, but by the love and service of Him who gave Himself for the service and salvation of all mankind?

So men and women like myself, who have learned from experience and not from books what the battle of life really means to us, in this day of trial declare the faith which has come down to us from the Cross and ask all, who will listen, to join in a mighty effort to save what there is of civilization by accepting the simple teaching of Jesus. Do to others as you would be done unto. Forgive as you hope to be forgiven. Let our slogan be Christ or Chaos, and let us humbly try to be willing to accept this gospel at whatsoever cost to our pride or to ourselves.



## CAMBRIDGE EVACUATION SURVEY

BY SUSAN ISAACS

**I**N September, 1939, under the threat of air raids, more than half-a-million children of all ages were taken from their homes in London and other great industrial centres and put to live with strangers in country towns and villages. This plan of enforced migration had matured during the twelve months following the September crisis in 1938, and on the whole was carried out without serious difficulty or disaster.

Once the migration had been accomplished, however, many other problems appeared. Two major institutions fundamental to English social life, the family and the educational system, had been deeply shaken. These evacuated children had not only been disturbed in the normal smooth progress of their school life, but, at one and the same blow, had lost their parents and home and familiar surroundings, whilst a great number of fathers and mothers had parted from some or all of their children. The crowded foster villages and towns at one end of the railway journey, the empty homes in industrial centres at the other, spoke of a tremendous and unprecedented shock to the pattern of family life.

This upheaval has thrown into high relief the psychological functions of normal family life which, under ordinary conditions, are so much taken for granted as the basis and the background of other purposes.

Clinical and social psychologists have long been certain that the roots of personal achievement and personal happiness lie deep in the family life. The feelings and behaviour of these separated parents and children have fully confirmed this view. They show us how empty, how distracted, how purposeless, the lives of parents may seem when their children are not a living presence and demonstrate how vividly and intensely children feel the lack of their parents and near family circle, even when well and happily cared for in other people's homes.

The extent to which evacuation has failed indicates the strength and importance of the demand for a normal home life, if only by the number of children who have been taken home. On the other hand, the large proportion of children who have settled down happily in their new surroundings calls for study of the conditions of success or failure of evacuation. In their turn, this successful fostering may throw light upon normal family life.

In view of this shock and disturbance to ordinary relationships, it was not surprising that in the first two or three months after evacuation rumours of many kinds were rife about what happened to children away from home. Intense feelings of partisanship were aroused, contradictory instances were quoted, parents acted on hearsay whilst the authorities urged parents to leave their children safely in the country, and the press was full of vivid reports both of dramatic failures and of successes in the new way of life.

In the face of conflicting reports, and the many generalizations made on the basis of single dramatic incidents or mere gossip, it seemed desirable that some attempt should be made to carry out a dispassionate enquiry into what was actually going on, to find how far children were or were not settling down happily, and what conditions led to success or failure in evacuation. It was thought that a systematic enquiry into even one limited area would help to steady public opinion and would enable the evacuation authorities everywhere to carry out their work with a higher proportion of success.

For a number of reasons, Cambridge offered a specially favourable place for such a systematic survey. The way in which the billeting had been carried out by the Local Authority in Cambridge seemed to be not only favourable to the success of evacuation but also specially helpful to the possibilities of a systematic enquiry.

The help of the Voluntary Workers and the Education Authorities, as well as of the teachers in the schools, was enlisted early in the Survey and proved invaluable throughout.

At first it was hoped to make a broad study of all the 3,000 unaccompanied London school children evacuated to Cambridge. It early became clear, however, that the immediate aim of the

Survey would require to be limited. The question of time was most important, since it was known that children were already returning to their homes in large numbers, and new policies and plans would probably be framed by authorities quite soon. It therefore seemed better to get some clear, systematic evidence from a smaller group than to attempt a larger survey which could not be completed in time for any practical purpose. Moreover, financial resources were extremely limited.

A relatively homogeneous group offered itself in the unaccompanied school children received in Cambridge from the Borough of Tottenham. These were 304 in number on December 1st, 1939, and were in charge of their own teachers in Cambridge schools. The teachers were specially interested and eager to co-operate in the survey.

Moreover, they were familiar with the methods of such an enquiry, since the Tottenham Education Committee\* had themselves, the previous year, carried out a psychological survey of the incidence of backward or difficult children in the schools of the Borough.

Tottenham is a relatively homogeneous district, containing no bad slums and practically no wealthy residents. The standard of life is relatively good, that of stable and fairly comfortable working-class homes. This homogeneity was favourable for an enquiry designed to bring out as far as possible the effect of the single factor of evacuation. It had, however, the disadvantage that Tottenham children are not representative of children from all evacuable areas.

For this reason, when the study was completed, it was decided to make a similar enquiry with regard to children in Cambridge from the Borough of Islington, which contains larger areas of poverty and bad housing. This further enquiry is in process at the moment of writing.

The Tottenham group included, besides the 304 resident in Cambridge on December 1st, about 100 children who had returned to Tottenham from Cambridge by December 1st. The homes of these children have each been visited by a trained social worker.

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\* A Psychological Survey of Elementary Schools in the Borough of Tottenham. Published by Borough of Tottenham Education Committee, 1939.



In the Islington study, a parallel group of 300-400 children resident in Cambridge on March 1st, and a random sample of 100 homes to which children of the borough returned have been included.

The aim of the enquiry was first, to arrive at a broad estimate of the success or failure of the relationship between each child and his foster home ; and, secondly, to discover the particular influences which contributed to the degree of success or failure in each case.

Three main sources of information were available : first, the facts regarding each foster home already gathered by the Voluntary Workers in the normal work of supervision. If it had been practicable, we should have preferred to have skilled social workers making direct personal enquiries from the foster parents and the children, but as foster homes had already been much visited for a number of different purposes, it was felt that this direct enquiry might be misunderstood and be taken as an interference. Many of the voluntary workers were able to supply us with considerable detail, but others had less intimate knowledge of the foster homes. The data obtained thus varied in amount, in reliability and in intimacy of detail ; much of it would require further confirmation for any strictly scientific purpose. Moreover, the facts we gathered throw more light on the attitude of the foster parents than on the feelings of the children.

This lack of balance was, however, redressed by the information obtained from our second source, the schools and the teachers. A parallel card of enquiry was filled up by teachers for every child, and since these teachers had excellent relations with the children they were able to obtain a good deal of insight into the children's happiness or difficulties in the foster homes, as well as making their own observations on the children in the schools. Not only so, but in a very large number of cases the teachers were in direct contact with the foster homes and were thus able to supplement the facts given to us by the Voluntary Workers. Taking these two sources of information together, therefore, we felt that we were able to arrive at a fairly reliable broad estimate of the success or failure of billeting with each child.

A third source of knowledge was given directly by the children themselves. A large number of those over six years of age wrote special essays on "What I Like in Cambridge" and "What I miss in Cambridge". The children were told that they were quite free to write as they felt, and the internal evidence of the essays suggests that on the whole we obtained a fair sample of the true feelings and opinions of the children. The essays were full of illuminating details, both of what was enjoyed and appreciated in Cambridge, as well as of the content of their homesickness or sense of loss. Taken with the other two sources of information they gave us, in most cases, a vivid picture of what was going on in the children's minds as well as of their normal home life in Tottenham.

The broad estimate of success or failure of the relationship between the foster parent and the foster child was made by two independent workers, who then conferred with regard to any differences of opinion. It cannot be claimed that the results are more than tentative, or that they are highly reliable with regard to details, but they can certainly be taken as showing the broad tendency in this group of children.

The cards were graded on a five-point scale, from A. to E. The assessment of A. meant that the children appeared to be as contented as could be expected, allowing for the fact that they inevitably missed their parents and home. It would be unnatural to expect them not to miss their parents. This may happen if the children come from unsatisfactory homes; but the exceptional situation of children being happier than they are at home cannot be taken as the normal standard of satisfactory billeting. The assessment of E. meant that the children had entirely failed to fit into the particular billet, or that they were outstandingly unhappy in Cambridge because the loss of home and parents outweighed everything else for them.

Out of 304 children, 233 (77 per cent.) were placed as 'thoroughly satisfactory' or 'on the whole satisfactory'; 25 (8 per cent.) as 'unsatisfactory,' while the remaining 15 per cent. were graded as 'neither satisfactory nor unsatisfactory'. With all qualifications, these data show that in the case of this group of children in Cambridge the very large majority found fairly happy homes. Most of the foster parents were shown to be

extremely generous in giving their time, effort, sympathy and understanding to the care of other people's children, and the community as a whole had been most hospitable and helpful.

The children's essays showed how much had been done for them by their foster parents and teachers, by social agencies of one sort or another and by residents, in providing recreation, interesting excursions and opportunities for active exploration of life in Cambridge.

Certain more detailed questions referring to specific influences on the relationship between children and foster parents were then followed up.

Of the 304 children, there were 145 boys and 159 girls. Of these, 19 boys and 25 girls were of the age group 5-7 years ; 54 boys and 53 girls of 8-11 years ; 65 boys and 75 girls of 12-15 years. (There were 13 children whose ages were not recorded.)

Success or failure is definitely affected by the age of the children. Leaving out of account the children under seven years of age, whose numbers were too small to be significant, the figures show that after thirteen years both boys and girls showed a decline in the satisfactoriness of their relationship. This is seen in the increase in the percentage of unsatisfactory cases. For the whole group of boys and girls the percentage of unsatisfactoriness was : age 13-14, 13 per cent. ; age 14-15, 24 per cent. ; age 15-16, 23 per cent. For those below thirteen only 3 per cent. were found to be unsatisfactory. There is thus a large increase of difficulties in making adjustment to this situation for the older children. In part this is certainly due to the restlessness of children at or approaching the school leaving age, in part to the fact that children of these ages need more varied activities and occupations than many foster parents have the means or knowledge to provide. For that matter, as we all know, restlessness and rebelliousness are seen in adolescent children in their own homes as well. The children's own parents do not always find it easy to understand and deal with these ages, so that we cannot look upon this increase in difficulty simply as one of the problems of evacuation. In any case it has to be remembered that the greater difficulty of dealing with adolescent children is in part due to the fact that they can more effectively resist and defy than younger ones can.



The younger children have less means of voicing their unhappiness or defiance.

Another influence making for greater difficulty with the older children is the increased cost of keeping them. Although in general there was no evidence from this small sample of children that the difficulties between children and foster parents is accounted for by the rate of payment made for the children, yet from other sources the evidence seems clear that the economic factor is of great account in the case of older children. It may not come into the relationship of the foster parent and the child but it causes trouble between the foster parent and the billeting authorities.

A circumstance which seems definitely favourable to successful billeting is the presence of brothers and sisters or friends in the same billet. 257 cases, 122 boys and 135 girls, were studied with reference to this factor. One third of the boys, and one half of the girls were with brothers and sisters, and about two thirds were with brothers and sisters or friends from Tottenham. Only 45 (17 per cent.) were entirely alone, and 47 (18 per cent.) were with Cambridge but not with Tottenham children. The figures show that girls settle down best when they are in the company of other children, whether brothers and sisters, fellow evacuees or Cambridge children. Boys, on the other hand, are better with their own brothers and sisters, worse with Cambridge children, while the presence of fellow evacuees seems to have little effect. 23 out of 25 (92 per cent.) boys were successful when entirely alone in the billet, but only 20 out of 31 (64 per cent.) where the companion was a Cambridge boy or girl. Thus the evidence suggests that the boy may be separated from his own family and billeted alone quite successfully, but that he should not be billeted with strange children, whilst a girl needs the company of another child. Of the 11 failures recorded amongst girls, 7 of them have no other Tottenham children with them in the billet, and 5 of these 7 have no other children at all in the billet.

Evidence concerning the effect of parents' visits was considered. Of 226 cases, only 8 children (4 per cent.) had had no visits at all, 137 (60 per cent.) occasional visits, and 81 (36 per cent.) frequent visits. Half of the 8 cases with no visits were assessed

as unsatisfactory. Only one of the 81 children who had frequent visits had a negative assessment. Doubtless many other factors enter into these differences, but our data show that frequent visits of the parents do not necessarily disturb the relationship between foster child and foster parents. If this be generally true it is obviously a consideration of first-rate importance.

There was no relation between the number of changes of billet and the satisfactoriness of the relationship in the billet at the time of enquiry. On the contrary there was clear evidence that particular children might be unsuccessful in one billet and successful in another. This shows that skilled assistance in the rebilleting of children is amply repaid.

A detailed psychological study is now being made by experienced psychologists of 40 of the Tottenham children, 20 of those who were graded as minus in their relation to foster parents, and 20 selected from those rated as plus, parallel in age and sex with the 20 from the minus group.

To examine now those children who had already returned to Tottenham from Cambridge by December 1st. Of these, we were able to gather reliable details in the case of 69 out of 100 children. 7 per cent. boys and 9 per cent. girls were between five and seven years of age, 19 per cent. boys and 17 per cent. girls between 8 and 11 years; and 16 per cent. boys and 32 per cent. girls between 12 and 15 years. The distribution of age and sex is thus not significantly different from that of the children remaining in Cambridge.

As already stated, this part of the enquiry was made by trained social workers\* who visited the actual homes in Tottenham and talked with the parents. In the majority of cases the parents were very ready to discuss both their reasons for taking their children home and the general problems of evacuation. The reasons which they themselves gave for having taken the children home were noted, but at the same time the social worker made inferences of her own. In many cases these tallied with the reasons given by the parents, but where the social worker could infer different or extra reasons these were included in the summing up.

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\* The Research Committee are indebted to the Mental Health Emergency Committee for the loan of two psychiatric social workers to carry out this part of the enquiry.

Reasons given were grouped into (a) those which referred to conditions in Cambridge (62 per cent. of all reasons given); (b) those which referred to home conditions in London (30 per cent. of all reasons); and (c) general matters (8 per cent. of reasons given) which concerned both or which could not be attributed to either end specifically—such as the fact that there had been no air raids.

Of the reasons attributed to Cambridge, there were

(a) objections to or difficulties in the billets, such as changes of billet, marked difference in social stratum, lack of occupation for the child, or disapproval of the foster parents;

(b) reasons referring to the child himself, such as illness, accident, home-sickness, complaints that he felt unwanted in his billet or missed his companions, either brothers and sisters or friends at home;

(c) some adverse effect of the parents' own visits.

The second large group of reasons, affecting the London end, referred to such matters as the parents' missing of the children, wishing to keep the family together, needing the child at home, or feeling jealous of the foster mother; and the economic question. In some cases it appeared to be an impulsive action, e.g., when it came from the desire to have the children home for the Christmas holidays.

In eight of these families, the father and the mother had disagreed about bringing the children home, and according to the mother's statement it was always the father who wanted them to stay in Cambridge.

Enquiry was then made as to how children had settled down on returning home. Among the boys, 20 out of 29 settled down at once, 8 out of 29 did not settle easily. Among the girls, 35 out of 40 settled down at once, and only three were reported as not settling down. Enquiry as to whether the parents would be willing to send their children away again if danger was imminent showed, moreover, that parents are more reluctant to send away their girls than their boys.

These facts and figures thus tend to support the view held by many of us on the grounds of our general psychological experience that whilst country air, good food, superior living conditions, may in themselves bring benefits to the children of our greater industrial areas, these are of minor value as substitutes for family life. Evacuated children have three



main needs. First they need a home. They can no more live without affection and a warm, friendly atmosphere, than they can without food and shelter. Secondly, they need an active social life among their companions, with space, material and opportunity for creative activities (arts and crafts, drama, books, excursions) which will help them to feel that they are still learning and creating, and enable them to understand the new aspects of life with which they are surrounded. Thirdly, they need help in keeping alive the memories of their parents and their feelings of loyalty to their own homes. Foster parents, school, educational and social agencies, cannot serve the children fully if they break the links with the children's homes. They can do so only if they show a friendly attitude to the children's own family and home life. The boon of good food, country air, new experiences, a better way of life, are little worth if they are allowed to drive a wedge between the child and his own parents.

So much from the side of the child. The point of view of the parents has been shown by their claiming back their children in so many cases and by their extremely meagre response to the new plans for evacuation. The fundamental feelings of the parents have been expressed by Dr. D. W. Winnicott in his recent article on "The Deprived Mother".\* He writes :

What makes life worth while for many men and women is the experience of the first decade of married life, when a family is being built up, and while the children are still in need of those contributions to personality and character which the parents can give . . . No one would suggest that bearing and bringing up children is all honey, but most people do not expect life to be all sweet ; they ask that the bitter part shall be to some extent of their own choosing, and then expect to get something valuable out of the experience of it . . . nothing can compensate the average parent for loss of contact with a child and of responsibility for the child's bodily and intellectual development.

In the light of all these facts and considerations, the Cambridge Evacuation Survey drew up and submitted to the Ministry of Health, the Board of Education, the London County Council and other evacuation authorities, a "Memorandum on Practical Recommendations", based partly upon the evidence actually gained from the Survey and partly from the considered experience of members of the Research Committee. In essentials these

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\* D. W. Winnicott : The Deprived Mother, *The New Era*, March, 1940.

recommendations could be summed up as follows : Firstly, that family and school units should be maintained as far as possible, since it has been shown that children settle down better when they are with their brothers and sisters or their friends and school companions ; and their own teachers can help to make the necessary links with their home lives. Secondly, parents' visits should be encouraged by granting special facilities for travel, and parents should be kept closely informed about what happens to their children and should have the opportunity of consulting social workers about their welfare. Thirdly, professional social workers are required for the maintenance of satisfactory conditions in the reception areas. These professional social workers are of two types :

(a) those with general training in social service, accustomed to family case work and prepared to deal with the minor difficulties of foster home placement. The number of these general social workers required would be about one to every five hundred evacuated children, provided that a sufficient number of voluntary workers to co-operate with them are also available.

(b) Those with special clinical experience of children showing nervous symptoms or difficulties of behaviour. These psychiatric social workers should be available for consultation about specially difficult children.

The trained social workers should direct the supervision of the children in the foster homes, supervision which can actually be carried on by carefully selected helpers and the local voluntary workers.

Fourthly : the committee consider it desirable to have three types of home, other than private billets, available in any area receiving a considerable number of children :

(a) a *temporary* hostel which would serve as a provisional shelter for children unsuitable for immediate billeting, by reason of health, cleanliness or behaviour ;

(b) homes for emergency and observation are required for the whole period of evacuation for a small proportion of children who need quick removal from their billets. Need may arise because of illness in the households and other family vicissitudes, as well as problems created by the child ;

(c) homes for difficult children permanently unsuitable for foster homes on account of nervous symptoms or difficulties of behaviour ; at least 2 per cent. of the children are likely to require this provision. These homes should be planned for small groups of ten to fifteen children.

Fifthly : the provision of recreation, particularly for the adolescent children, is an essential part of the plan of evacuation,

and should be prepared for by the co-operation of the local organizations and the teachers, school helpers and social workers associated with the evacuated children.

It is realized that these suggestions could not be carried out without considerable expense. Nevertheless they are deemed essential for maintaining evacuation successfully over any period of time. In particular, the need for special help for difficult children must be stressed.

An opinion is now being expressed in many directions, such as the plan of the A.R.P. Co-ordinating Committee (quoted in *The Times* for April 4th), that billeting on private households should play only a supplementary part in evacuation, the majority of the evacuated children being accommodated in camp schools. The success of such camp schools depends entirely upon the age of the children and the extent to which schools are able to approximate to family conditions. Camp schools are far from being a panacea for evacuation problems. They are quite unsuitable for children under eight. Under-staffed, run in too large units or as formal institutions, camp schools even for children from eight to eleven would be of more than doubtful benefit. They would find it an easier task to meet the special requirements of boys and girls of twelve years and onwards.



## THE IVORY POACHER

BY LORD DUNSANY

“**P**OACHING,” said Jorkens one day at the club, “is a low disgusting trick. It can be a most infernal nuisance, and ought to be stopped.”

One of us had probably mentioned the word, poaching, though I don't know who ; but Jorkens's motive for breaking out as he did was not so much what anyone may have said, as the fact that he had recently acquired a little house in the country with a few acres attached to it, which were so over-run with rabbits and covered with brambles that he had probably got them cheap. Very likely he did not really mind the neighbouring villagers snaring his rabbits, for he is a good-natured fellow ; but there are men who cannot resist groaning aloud under a landowner's burdens, when they are just new to him, and Jorkens is probably one of these.

“They shouldn't do it,” said one of us, Slippet by name ; and, as often happens in clubs, he hit the nail on the head, for the words appeased Jorkens, and, in a much quieter voice, the old traveller said,

“If they want to poach, let them poach properly, and not take another man's rabbits”.

And then he was silent.

I could see that Terbut was pondering, and for that matter I was a little puzzled myself.

“What do you call poaching properly ? ” Terbut asked then.

But no answer came from Jorkens, for almost the moment that his wrath had subsided, as it always does very quickly, soothed no doubt by the apt words of Slippet, he fell asleep in his chair. I ought perhaps to have mentioned that it was twenty-minutes or so after we had most of us finished lunch. I waited some while in the club, for I thought I knew what Terbut was going to do, and I believed it would lead to a story ;

and chronicling the varied experiences of Jorkens, as my habit now is, I am careful not to neglect such opportunities. And sure enough I was right, for Jorkens after a while gurgled and moved his head, and suddenly opened both of his blue eyes wide.

"What do you call poaching properly?" Terbut asked him at once.

"Why, poaching in Africa," said Jorkens, "and leaving other men's rabbits alone. Africa's not like Surrey, and poaching does no harm there. They may have rules against it, in fact they have, but poaching in Africa doesn't hurt other men's rabbits; and I wish the men that poach on my land would go there."

"What do you poach in Africa?" asked Terbut.

"Ivory," answered Jorkens.

"So that's what you've been up to," Terbut said.

"Not at all," said Jorkens. "I never did any myself. And I never said I did. I was only speaking of what is generally done there by those with a taste for poaching."

"Can you tell us anything about it?" asked Terbut.

"As an onlooker," said Jorkens, "I can. As a purely chance onlooker. I happened to meet a man who was a considerable ivory-poacher. I should have had nothing to do with him if he'd poached rabbits; elephants belong to nobody; so he shot considerable numbers. His difficulty was to get the tusks out of the country. Easy enough to shoot them, and easy enough to hide them, but as soon as he started moving them about Africa he risked meeting a game-warden; and, as for getting them to civilization, Customs officers would come to the ivory there like wasps to jam, when you have tea out-of-doors. And in addition to that the game-wardens knew about him, though they didn't know exactly where he was and he had his ivory buried. As a matter of fact he was camped by the Bahr-el-Arab, a river that flows into the Bahr-el-Gazal, which flows into the Bahr-el-Gebel by Lake No, which is a reach of the White Nile. I happened to meet him purely by chance, when I was wandering about in Africa."

"What were you looking for?" asked Terbut.

"The view," replied Jorkens.

So unsatisfactory was this answer, that Terbut pursued it no further, and Jorkens continued his story.

"I found him in a small camp by the Bahr-el-Arab," said Jorkens, "just a tent for himself, and some canvas shelters for a dozen arabs. He met me some way out from his camp, a tall man with a dark moustache that was beginning to grey a little bit just at the ends, where occasionally he chewed it. He was evidently anxious to keep me away from his camp, a wish that I always respect, because, if you annoy men in the middle of Africa during the heat of the day, they are often quick to invent a pretext for shooting, that would never occur to them in a cooler country; and why annoy them, in any case? So as soon as I saw that he wanted me not to see his camp I walked away with him from the river, and talked as we went, and it wasn't long before we were very good friends. There are times when there comes over me a sudden weariness of Africa, while at other times a weariness of London and all other large cities is equally pronounced in me. At the time of which I am telling it was a weariness of Africa that had recently overtaken me, and I learned that he was soon starting for Cairo, and seemed quite willing to take me with him; only, for the next few days, for purely business reasons, he would consider it a particular favour if I could make it convenient to keep a few miles away from his camp. To this, of course, I readily acceded, and at the end of a few days I walked down to the river again from the little camp that I had on the higher ground, whistling as I went and walking quite slowly; and out came Wudd (that was the fellow's name) quite pleased to see me. I found that he had a dahabeah under the bank, that is to say a small sailing ship and he said he was going to Cairo. Well, I was very pleased to hear that, for I had been a long time in the middle of Africa, keeping company with the anopheles mosquito, and hyenas and snakes and ticks, and I felt that a little civilization would be just the thing for me; and to get to Cairo, travelling cheap, as I was doing just then, with a donkey and a few Dinkas, would have taken me the best part of a year. So as soon as Wudd offered me a berth in his dahabeah, I jumped at it; and off I started that day, with him and his Arabs, for Cairo. It was a lonely part of the world, distinctly lonely: one saw that from



the way the Mrs. Gray's Cob came and stared at one from only a little further away than a man can throw a spear ; and the reed-buck seemed to know nothing of white men either. I was quite glad to leave it.

I said to Wudd as we started down the river, ' What are you doing on the Bahr-el-Arab ? '

And he said, ' Collecting butterflies.'

And then he asked me what I was doing.

' Collecting moths,' I said.

' Where are your moths ? ' he asked.

' Where are your butterflies ? ' I asked Wudd.

We understood each other perfectly then.

The boat seemed rather low in the water, but it was overcrowded with all those Arabs, as well as having a big load of logs. I hadn't much to do, going idly down that river, except to watch scarlet birds flashing across it, and the white fish-eagles sitting watching on branches, and the moon-coloured water turning to opal at evening, and to wondering why Wudd was going from good elephant-country to Cairo with a lot of Arabs and a load of logs. And to my astonishment I found they were ambach wood, logs cut up into lengths of one or two feet. What is astonishing about ambach wood is that a good stout log of it, thirty or forty feet long, can easily be lifted with one hand ; it looks like timber, but is in fact merely pith. I wondered why Wudd wanted to take it to Cairo. And it was the only cargo he carried, except for the sacks of flour that were to provide food for his Arabs for a couple of thousand miles. Another thing that struck me was that the dahabeah seemed to be made of good oak that, from its colour, seemed to be about a hundred years old ; and oak does not grow on the Nile.

' That's a fine grain,' I said, pointing to one of the beams ; which was perfectly true.

' Yes, it's a nice bit of timber,' said Wudd.

And somehow I saw that he was going to say no more about it.

We came in a day or two to the Bahr-el-Gazal, sailing past red-trunked trees and mimosa bushes, with the small round bloom of the mimosa shining like a far-away tiny sun ; and I noticed a good many saws and hammers on board, and got the idea that the Arabs had been building the ship for Wudd. I

talked to them a good deal at first, but Wudd didn't like it, as I noticed from the way that he butted in when I was asking an Arab what he did with a very large hammer that I saw lying beside him : ' It's for stunning the butterflies,' said Wudd.

One day the wind dropped for five hours and we went ashore for a bit, and saw rows of pits in the grey mud dried by the sun, the tracks of galloping elephants.

' Interesting beasts,' I said.

' I've not been to the Zoo for a long time,' was all that Wudd had to say.

A wind got up and we went on board again. I should say that the little ship, unloaded, was two tons, or a trifle over, and we were a bit cramped. The Arabs had a drum, and they sang a good deal, all in a bunch at the forward end of the ship. In the heat of the day they slept. But they sang all the evening, and the man with the drum kept time to the song, while the river turned to an opal. And the stars came out, and the Arabs still sang on, singing the song of the Nile. I don't know what they call the song, but it is the only one I have heard from the Sudd to the Mediterranean, a song of rejoicing sung with mournful voices, like children singing in prison to greet an inrush of sunlight, a slow song, with drum-beats growing faster and faster. I'd sing it to you, but that I cannot bear to hear it in London ; it makes me so yearn for Africa."

" We quite understand," said Terbut. But for which, I think, Jorkens would have sung to us.

" The water was now a mile wide," Jorkens went on, " though the channel of the Bahr-el-Gazal was no more than fifty yards : marshes lay left and right of us, where, if we went for a walk, the water was sometimes up to our knees and sometimes up to our waists, unless we came on a hidden stream, and then we would go to our necks, with the blue water-lilies shining in front of our faces. And pythons lay there, coiled on tussocks of reed, waiting for the chance of a meal on a white-eared cob or a waterbuck. After a walk of that sort one spread one's clothes on the little deck in the sun, and they were dry in half an hour. There was a cabin in which there was just room for Wudd and me, sitting down ; the grain of the wood seemed especially fine in there, and I've seen many oak panellings that had not half so

fine an appearance. We were sailing east, and a north wind was blowing. We only went ashore when we wanted food, and I shot a tiang once every two or three days, a sort of red cow with a long black face : the meat wouldn't keep more than two days. Once I shot a wart-hog. I put the first shot right through his ribs, but he charged me for all that, and it took me three more cartridges to stop him. It was a nice bit of bacon. The Arabs didn't like having the pig on board, as they regard all forms of bacon as being accursed ; so after one good meal we threw the rest away, keeping only his four tusks, two blunt ones ten inches long and two little razors.

'The only bit of ivory on board,' I said to Wudd.

'Yes,' he answered.

'Funny,' I said. For I couldn't get out of my head that he had ivory somewhere, though the ship was quite empty and the pile of logs seemed to hide nothing, nor the sacks of flour that were heaped in the bows.

'Why funny?' he asked.

'I was only wondering,' I said.

'Well, look here,' said Wudd. 'Wonder all you like on the Bahr-el-Gazal, but don't do any wondering when we get to the White Nile, for I always look on that as practically civilized and we don't know whom we might meet and I don't want to start any of them wondering.'

'I quite understand,' I said.

But what I didn't understand was where the ivory was. It was perfectly clear to me by now that Wudd was an extremely shrewd fellow, the kind of man who is born to be one of three things : something in the City, something on the Turf, or an ivory poacher, the kind of man whose father before him probably never thought any other profession worth taking up except one of those three. One evening when we were smoking and the Arabs were singing and the river was like a long aquamarine, I said to Wudd straight out : 'Where is the ivory?'

And Wudd was silent awhile, and then he said : 'I might have a bit in my pocket.' And he looked out at the sky ahead, where the first star was appearing, with his pipe in his hand and a glow going up from the bowl, and after a while he said : 'Or on the other hand, I might not.'



The more I looked round the dahabeah to see any possible place of hiding it, the more the mystery grew. And then we came to that liquid blue beryl they call Lake No, which changed with the changing of evening into many other semi-precious stones. In dead silence, but for the flapping of our sail, a huge fish leapt out of the lake and came down on the waters with a resounding crash. What it leapt at I never noticed, but it seemed to me that an eagle would be the only appropriate bait for such a fish to rise at, though I did not actually see one. We left that fish behind us leaping and falling, and by dawn next day we had come to the Bahr-el-Gebel. Wudd was getting uneasy now. 'This is the White Nile,' he said, 'and that's almost civilization. We might come across a white man at any time'.

'And what if we do?' I asked.

Wudd looked at me curiously. 'I don't like them,' he said.

'Look here,' I said, 'I've been in your boat for a fortnight and I haven't found your ivory; and I'm not so blind either. Who do you think is going to find it?'

'There's a lot in what you say,' he replied.

And I think he cheered up a bit then.

The North wind held and we still sailed eastwards, and we sat in a couple of canvas chairs all day, looking out for the smoke of a steamer, and none appeared.

'You've noticed nothing queer about this ship?' said Wudd.

'No,' I said. 'Why?'

'Because there's nothing queer about it,' he answered.

'Perhaps there's a slight smell of paint in the cabin,' I said.

'But I don't call that queer.'

'Don't give way to fancies like that,' he answered sharply.

'I knew a man once who thought he smelt a cheese soufflé all along the Bahr-el-Zeraf, and his temperature very soon went to 105. It's a bad thing to let yourself develop such fancies: it means that the anopheles mosquito is winning.'

I didn't see what had excited him, but I just said, 'Very well; I didn't smell any paint.'

And he said, 'That's right.' And we went on gazing away down the Bahr-el-Gebel, and saw nothing but hippos.

Wudd certainly had a beautiful grain in his timber, and he was

touchily proud of it, and would never let me knock out the bowl of my pipe on any part of his ship. How many hippos we saw there is no telling, for they live on the bottom of the river and come up to breathe when they feel like it, so that they are never all of them up at the same time, but we passed through large herds of them. You've never seen a hippo looking in the least like a horse, Terbut.

"No, I don't think I have," said Terbut.

"But the Greeks, who knew that river, named them well enough," went on Jorkens, "when they called them river-horses, for what you see of a hippo's head, from eye to nostril as he lies in the water, is quite like the head of a horse, except for the size, and size of course is only a matter of distance. All night they try to roar like lions, and really do it very well, considering that they are only a variety of large pig.

I didn't count the days, they just slid away like the water. One day Wudd tied up under an oleander, and I went ashore with one of the Arabs and shot a Roan antelope. The reason I took the Arab with me was not that he was a hunter; in fact I had found out by now that he was only a ship-builder: I took him so that he could perform the last rites over the antelope, before the poor brute died, as otherwise none of the Arabs would have eaten the meat, and I only shot it so as to provide food for us all. On another day I got two *Rufifrons* gazelle, with their foreheads all saffron with powder-pollen, from rubbing their horns against the mimosa branches. But mostly I sat in the shadow of the sail, talking to Wudd about everything except ivory, and the Arabs smoked or sang. We passed the *Bahr-el-Zeraf* and the *Sobat River*, and slanted more to the North; and still the North wind held, and we tacked about the river and sometimes drifted. One day we came to *Fashoda* and the river ran still more northward, and a few days after that we were sailing due North, so far as we could with a North wind in our faces. And then one day we saw the smoke of a steamer, coming up the river ahead of us, and Wudd said: 'You've got over that feeling you had, that there was a smell of cheese soufflé.'

And I said, 'Quite.'

The steamer, which was a most genuine antique, was a paddle-

steamer with only one paddle, and a barge was lashed alongside it to prevent it sinking when the North wind blew it over. Wudd took out a bundle of air-cushions that lay flat in a drawer in the cabin and began to blow them out, and gave one to each of the Arabs as he did so. They evidently knew what to do with them, for they put them at once under their robe-like clothes which fattened them up considerably.

‘It will save his time in the end,’ said Wudd to me.

‘Whose time?’ I asked.

‘The game-warden’s,’ said Wudd. ‘Their time is precious to them, though I don’t know what they do with it; and if he got the idea that we were a bit low in the water he might waste his time trying to find what we carried. I don’t say we are low in the water, but those fine fat fellows will help to account for it if he gets the idea that we are.’

‘All right,’ I said, ‘I’ll have one of them too, if you’ve got a spare one.’

‘Thanks very much,’ he said. And he gave me a spare one. Of course I’ve put on a bit of weight since then, but it made a lot of difference in those days. I didn’t like the look of myself at all, but that’s what you have to get used to as time goes by. Well, I slipped in the air-cushion and undid a lot of buttons, and I still had no idea where he carried his ivory.

Wudd was right about the game-warden: he was on board the steamer all right, and it drew up alongside and the game-warden greeted Wudd cheerfully, and then said ‘Got any heads or anything?’

‘No,’ said Wudd, ‘only butterflies.’

‘Mind if I come on board and have a look at them?’ asked the game-warden.

‘Glad to show them you,’ Wudd replied. And, sure enough, he had a box full of butterflies, a wooden box lined with cork, and a fine sight they were.

‘A very nice collection,’ said the game-warden. ‘Got anything else?’

‘No, nothing else,’ said Wudd. ‘But take a look while you’re here.’

‘Well, thanks,’ said the game-warden. ‘Perhaps I will.’ And he took a look among the sacks of flour, and went through



the heap of ambach wood. 'It's one of the formalities I have to go through with,' he said. 'I do it with every ship.'

'I quite understand,' said Wudd. 'Take your time about it.'

'I think I've about finished,' said the game-warden. 'You know, they were saying in Khartoum that you had two tons of ivory.'

'As much as that?' said Wudd. 'It's strange how people talk.'

'Yes, isn't it?' said the game-warden.

'I was in South Africa once,' said Wudd, 'and they said that I had two tons of diamonds.'

'And had you?' asked the game-warden.

'So you aren't interested only in game,' said Wudd.

'That is of course my principal interest,' the game-warden replied.

'And what interest brought you all this way to meet me?' asked Wudd.

'To see your butterflies,' said the game-warden.

'Have another look at them,' said Wudd.

'I think I'll be going on now,' said the game-warden.

The dahabeah and the steamer were fastened alongside and he went slowly over the side and climbed on board his steamer, with a great many wistful glances along our decks as he went.

Wudd and I looked at each other till the steamer had gone so far on its journey back to Khartoum that we could no longer see the game-warden standing on the deck looking back at us.

'Well, he didn't find it,' I said to Wudd then.

'He saw a nice collection of butterflies,' replied Wudd. 'What more did he want?'

'We've known each other for some weeks now,' I said. 'And I think you might tell me.'

'As a child,' said Wudd, 'I was wonderfully talkative, but somehow one learns in business not to talk very much; at least not in the ivory business. So, if I were in ivory, I expect I should talk very little. And if I'm not, there's nothing to talk about. That's how it is.'

'I see,' said I.

'I wonder if he's ever noticed the shoebill,' said Wudd, as

he looked reflectively at one of the most remarkable birds in the world, standing upon the bank and watching us going by.

'Who?' I asked.

'That game-warden from Khartoum,' Wudd answered.

'Why?' I said.

'He didn't strike me as very observant,' said Wudd.

Now the bill of the shoebill is as large as a polo-boot, and he's common along the White Nile.

'I expect he's noticed one of them by now,' I said.

'I doubt it,' said Wudd.

This was also rather a slur on me; for I'd noticed nothing as yet. Two tons of ivory! This wasn't like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, it was like looking for a haystack on a lawn, and not being able to find it; for, though I couldn't see where he'd hidden it, I'd picked up enough about men by that time to be sure that Wudd had it somewhere about him. I'd plenty of time to think it over, tacking and drifting about the White Nile, with only Wudd and a dozen Arabs to talk to, and never meeting a soul except tall Shillooks, going by in their long canoes, till we passed the Shillook country and came to the gray Dinkas, men smeared all over with wood-ash to keep the mosquitoes away, and dressed in a necklace of light-blue beads and a feather. The North wind dropped at last and we got a better one, but it was a slow journey among idle days. When we left the country of Roan antelope, waterbuck and tiang, I fed the men upon geese, manœuvring on shore till I got on the flank of a flock along the bank of the river and enfilading it with my rifle; and sometimes Wudd took a hand with a 12-bore. And then the desert began to appear: trees grew fewer, and all vegetation sparser, until bare sand appeared and the waters of illusion shone instead of the marshes, of which we had seen so much.

'They'll take another good look at my cargo when we get to Khartoum,' said Wudd.

'You're a wonderful man,' I said.

'I'm a fair painter,' he answered.

'Painter!' I said. 'You were a butterfly-hunter just now. And I daresay you are very good at both. But to palm two tons of ivory as you are doing in an empty ship and with your sleeves

rolled up to the elbow is really marvellous. I think you are the greatest man I ever met ; and I knew Maskelyne.'

'Well, well,' said Wudd. 'I like to give what entertainment I can. But it's a very suspicious world.'

'What I don't see,' I said, 'is, if you've got it buried further up the river, how and when you are going to get it.'

And Wudd answered : 'If there weren't a great many things that most men didn't see, there'd be no chance for anybody to do a bit of business.'

'I wonder where you'll sell it,' I said.

'In the Levant,' said Wudd.

'And I wonder how you'll get it there,' I continued.

But the Arabs, who had seen their desert again, and who seemed to be cheered by the false smiles of its mirages, were singing so loudly now that I did not hear his answer.

We passed the tree under which Gordon used to sit when he walked out of Khartoum ; and we came to the city itself and lowered our sail and anchored. And it was exactly as Wudd had said, they came to look over his ship, three of them this time. Very politely, but very thoroughly, the whole heap of logs was ransacked and the bags of flour and the cabin ; and then their boatman who had rowed them out to us fell overboard from his boat and come up on the other side of Wudd's dahabeah. The three men who were inspecting the boat were much too anxious for the man's safety and did much to help him to get on board, which is absurd with anyone born by the banks of the Nile, because they all swim like otters.

'Pity he didn't drown,' muttered Wudd.

It was fairly evident to me that the man had been taking a look under the keel. I could see that much, but I couldn't see where Wudd kept his ivory.

They passed his ship, and let him leave Khartoum, and on we went through a thousand miles of desert. The work we had at the cataracts was awful ; there are six of them, counting the barrage at Aswan, and we had to find donkeys to drag the ship, and we used logs as rollers and we all shoved and hauled, as well as the donkeys, and got the damned thing round and into the water again ; and Wudd would never wait, but got to work as soon as we came to a cataract, even if it was in the middle of the



day ; and the hot rocks scorched us and mirages laughed at us, till we got to the water again and all lay on the deck. I think he had a fear that it couldn't be done, and he wouldn't stop for a moment in case he had time to think, and, if he did that, he knew that the fear would win.

'For God's sake sell the thing, or sink it,' I said, 'and get another dahabeah cheap on the other side of the cataract.'

But he wouldn't listen to reason. They were six awful experiences, and between the fifth and the last we came to Abu Simbul. You may think that I had got into pretty low company, travelling with a suspected ivory-poacher, and twelve Arabs who were evidently his accomplices, and I may have had the same sort of feeling at first myself ; but when I saw Abu Simbul I felt that whatever brought me there fulfilled some higher purpose than poaching ivory, for to have seen Abu Simbul is an event not only in a life-time, but one that is worth waiting for through three or four lifetimes, if the guess that the Hindus make at what none of us knows should turn out to be right. It is a temple in the dark of a hill, carved out of the very heart of the hill itself, with four gods cut out of the hillside at its door, and four gods at its altar in the deeps of the rock. You entered, if you were an Egyptian four thousand years ago, in the dark before dawn, and walked into the blackness till the stars disappeared from you, and went on in the cold and dark far into the hill. And there no doubt the priests talked or chanted to you, though I haven't any idea what they said or sang, but I know that after a while a most astounding thing happened, for I have seen it myself, and it takes your breath away ; a greyness came to the darkness under the hill, and before you could either expect it or believe it, the sun, the bright African sun, shone on the altar, and you saw four gods that sat there as at a table, looking at you and blushing. When I saw that, I said 'Wudd has his uses. Fate sent him to show me this.' "

"You're not imagining all this, are you ? ' said Terbut.

"Couldn't do it," said Jorkens. "Only one man could ever imagine it, and he's dead ; the man who carved Abu Simbul out of the hill for Pharoah.

We went on, with our mysterious and invisible cargo, all through the wonders of history ; we went where Roman soldiers

had been, and Greek traders before them, bringing to Europe the doctrine of immortality and curious tales for Herodotus ; we went through a land that must have been green and fertile, to support the splendour of Rameses ; we were all the while in a valley haunted with the enchantment of stories so strange that often I found myself on the point of disbelieving even the word of History and putting the story of Egypt away among gorgeous fairy-tales ; and always at that moment some temple used to appear, telling the story again in solid stone, blurred by the mason-wasp and defaced by religious anger, but calmly surviving the centuries. There was nothing larger than ducks to be shot now ; but we often bought a sheep, and the Arabs cut its throat after hurriedly asking its pardon, and feasted and were all happy. And all those weeks I sat talking with Wudd, and never got at the secret of his ivory. For a thousand miles the sakieh creaked its song at us, the oldest song in the world, the song of man's effort, with an ox to help him, to get water up from a well ; for a thousand miles the same saffron dawn shone in the sky on our right, always over a clump of palm-trees sheltering some little village from the sight of bare desert all round it, where a few pale columns of smoke went into the clear fresh air, to show that men would soon be up in the morning and that women were cooking already. One day we heard the soft plip-plop of a screw round a bend of the river in the early morning : we were drifting again with the North wind in our faces, and when the steamer came round the bend it was nearly on us. The helmsman steered clear of us in a rather blasé way, as though he had been dodging dahabeahs all the way from Cairo, as I expect he probably had. But he did not quite steer clear of us, and grazed our starboard side as he passed. I never saw anyone more angry than Wudd, and I seldom heard such language as he poured out at the Reis of the steamer, cursing him till his ship was far out of hearing.

‘What’s the matter?’ I asked. For collisions along the Nile are no more commented on than jolts in a restaurant car.

‘Matter?’ said Wudd. ‘He’s spoiled my timbers.’

‘Your what?’ I asked.

‘My timbers,’ shouted Wudd, coming quite near to me and roaring it in my ear.

‘Oh ; your timbers,’ I said. And as yet I had no suspicion.

Wudd tied up to the bank at once and went to the cabin, and got out a box of oil-paints and a bottle of turpentine and took a look at the graze on his starboard side. And then he got the Arabs to dig a place out of the bank, in which he could stand and paint the side of his ship.

The Nile, I may say, for the last few hundred miles of its journey, runs pretty well all the way under a six-foot cliff of dry mud, with Arab boys loitering along it chewing a sugar-cane, and now and then a traveller on a donkey, or a woman in a blue robe. I saw a big white splash where the steamer hit us, when I got out and looked, but I could see no other damage. And Wudd, with a palette over his left thumb, had already started to paint a dark grain on it. He was certainly a marvellous craftsman, and I saw what he meant then, one day when I had called him a great man, a thousand miles or so further up the river, and he had told me he was a painter. He might have been working all his life in a genuine-antique shop. Very likely he had : it is a tricky trade and would just have suited Wudd. Well, as I watched him in sheer admiration, he looked over his shoulder and saw me.

‘Leave my work alone,’ he snapped, ‘and get on with yours.’

‘What’s mine ? ’ I asked.

‘Smoking a pipe,’ said Wudd.

‘Oh ? ’ I said, not thinking of anything better to say at the moment, as often happens to most of us.

‘Well, I never saw you do anything else,’ said Wudd.

I said no more to him then and went for a walk, as it is no use continuing that kind of argument. I walked as far as a little crop of green wheat, that shone in the distance with the astonishing glow which green has at the edge of a desert, and there I saw four or five egrets walking beside the wheat, their white shapes flashing against it with the brightness of pure light. And Wudd, when I got back, had just finished his painting. It was a superb piece of work. Where there had been a flash of white twice the size of the palm of a hand there was nothing but a bit of well-seasoned oak, with the grain of it gleaming out through the dark of the old timber. Well, it didn’t take more than that to give me a clue, and a clue is all



you want to puzzle out anything. The whole problem had been to me hitherto like a word of three letters in a cross-word ; but when you have read the clue, ' an Australian bird ', it doesn't take you very long to see EMU. It was just like that with Wudd's painting. I thought I had better tell him that I had got it.

' You ought to paint miniatures,' I said.

' Miniatures ? ' said Wudd. ' Why ? '

' They always paint on ivory,' I replied.

' Fine palm-tree that,' said Wudd.

' Very fine indeed,' said I.

It wasn't the first time I had seen an ivory ship : there's a shop in Old Bond Street that used to have two in the window, and very pretty they looked ; but it was the first time I had seen one of that size.

I haven't much more to tell. We went down that dream of a river, and parted at Cairo.

' You're not going to do any talking about those miniatures ? ' Wudd said to me.

' Certainly not,' I said. ' And I am very much obliged for the lift.'

And Wudd sailed on with only three men to help him, heading for the Levant. And I had other business to see to. And before that year was out, happening to get in touch with the ivory market, I heard that Wudd had sold two and a half tons of ivory somewhere in the Levant ; just broke up his ship and sold it. I wonder if some miniature-painter is painting on any bits of it now.

## THOMAS HARDY AS A REGIONAL NOVELIST

BY PHYLLIS BENTLEY

THE regional novel—i.e., the novel which concentrates on one portion or region within a national boundary and depicts the life of that region and no other—has featured persistently in English literature for the last century, but never in greater abundance, from more hands, than in the 1920's and early 1930's. Perhaps this was due to the contemporary disposition to view men in the mass; perhaps to the economic depression, which in its ever-widening range hit a whole trade, and therefore a whole region, at a time; the inhabitants of that region becoming conscious of themselves as an integral part of their region under the impact of a common suffering, and this consciousness naturally seeking articulate expression. The increase of the political as distinct from the regional novel in the last few years of increasing international difficulty seems to support this contention. But in any case the output of regional novels has been so considerable, speaking quantitatively, in the last two decades, that the centenary of our acknowledged master in this genre, Thomas Hardy, comes at a moment when it is natural to compare his use of regionalism with later developments.

“Local colour” in fiction is a tide which ebbs and flows in the works of regional writers, invading successive elements of the novel in direct proportion to the degree of attachment of the writer to the soil of his chosen region. There are novels where only the setting, the background of place, is local—novels set lightheartedly in the West Indies, Cornwall, or Timbuctoo, merely because the scenery is pleasing or has the attraction of novelty. To write this kind of novel one does not need to be a native of the region chosen; a few weeks' holiday there will suffice. The next stage of regionalism is to throw in a few local characters, who naturally express themselves in local speech. These characters may be comic (confidants) or tragic (villains),

but in this kind of book they are inevitably "minor", and of lower social class than the main protagonists of the tale. It may be stated as an axiom, I believe, that the larger the number of local characters, and the greater the part they play in the story, the more sincerely regional the novelist. "Adam Bede" belongs to this type; the scene is carefully localized, and most of the characters are truly regional, for they not merely live in a certain midland shire, but depend for their daily bread on its geology. The next stage of regionalism occurs when the plot element too of the novel is coloured by the regional dye, the chain of cause and effect which forms the story then having at least one regional link. "Shirley" is such a novel, for the whole plot hangs on the financial situation in 1812 of the West Riding cloth trade, a trade which springs, as much as any agriculture, from the physical geography of the region.

Lastly, the novel is totally regional when the theme itself becomes so. In such novels the novelist's deliberate intention is to depict the region, to explore its significance, its history, its contribution, as a region. Like Rostand's *Chantecler*, such novelists wish their works to be :

". . . pas de ces chants qu'on chante en les cherchant,  
Mais qu'on reçoit du sol natal, comme une sève . . .  
La Terre parle en moi comme dans une conque,  
Et je deviens, cessant d'être un oiseau quelconque,  
La porte-voix en quelque sorte officiel  
Par quoi le cri du sol s'échappe vers le ciel."

An examination of Hardy's fiction should reveal which stage of regionalism he chose, and why. I think it will be found that, while the modern regional novelist, perhaps encouraged thereto by "Clayhanger" and "The Card", which are portraits of individuals less for their own sake than as Five Towns types, tends to go all the way and attempt the *cri du sol*, Hardy halted at the penultimate stage, for very weighty and characteristic reasons.

At this time of day it is unnecessary to expatiate on the regional character of Hardy's backgrounds. The heath, the pasture, the forest, the ploughland, the valley and coast and mountain, of the six south-west counties of England for which he revived the extinct name of Wessex, have all entered English literature through the medium of his freshly beautiful or grandly



sombre descriptive passages. The amazing precision, the intense accuracy, with which Hardy depicts this Wessex background may perhaps usefully be recalled; close beside, and indeed feeding, his poetic vision of the well-loved landscape and the symbolism which made him begin so many of his novels with a character out of doors in direct contact with the Wessex soil, there runs a meticulous observation of detail which would do credit to the homeliest Dutch painter. Hardy knows every detail of Wessex weather and can tell the species of a tree in the dark; he observes the leathery skin of the toad, the shorn sheep's flush, the odd behaviour of thatch spiders; he has heard the barking-tool on trees sound "like the quack of a duck," and describes with prolonged realism the raking and rubbing and brushing and wailing of the passage of a gust of wind through grass. He shows indeed an altogether intense concentration upon each sight and sound of Wessex. Yet there is a certain casualness about his entrance upon this regional depiction. "The series of novels I projected being mainly of the kind called local," he observes, explaining how in "Far From the Madding Crowd" he first adopted the word Wessex, "they seemed to require a territorial definition of some sort to lend unity to their scene. Finding that the area of a single county did not afford a canvas large enough for this purpose, and that there were objections to an invented name, I disinterred the old one." This was in 1874, when "Desperate Remedies," "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "A Pair of Blue Eyes" were already written. Perhaps too much importance should not be attached to this, but the sequence of the ideas of fiction and Wessex in Hardy's mind is not without significance.

The regionalism of Hardy's characters is also too well known to require much discussion. Not merely his minor characters but his main protagonists are usually closely dependent for their livelihood on the Wessex soil. It has often been pointed out that the vitality of his characters is in direct proportion to this closeness; the peasants and farmers are completely alive, the innkeepers less so; the professional men recede, a little dim; by the time peers are reached, the vital cord has been stretched altogether too far, and scarcely any life-blood animates these puppet creations. Equally significant is the fact that whenever,

in Hardy's continual presentation of "the immortal puzzle" of love relations, two men are suitors to one woman, or two women love one man, it is always the lover of lower social rank whom Hardy prefers. He prefers shepherd to sergent and farmer ("Far from the Madding Crowd"), but farmer to doctor ("Woodlanders"); carrier to vicar ("Under the Greenwood Tree"); ruddleman to innkeeper and country girl to captain's daughter ("Return of the Native"); poor country girl to rich country girl, but rich country girl to townswoman ("Woodlanders"). He prefers them, that is to say he makes them more agreeable to the reader. For the preservation of local legend and folk-lore, observes Hardy, the indispensable conditions are attachment to the soil of one particular spot by generation after generation. It is the personages of lower social rank, who are continuously attached to the soil because they lack the means to wander, who thus preserve these dear traditions; it is these personages whom Hardy delights to delineate.

These characters speak, in suitably varying degrees, the Wessex dialect. But here we come to a reservation. In a letter to the "Athenæum" in 1878 Hardy refers to "a somewhat vexed question," namely :

"... the representation in writing of the speech of the peasantry, when that writing is intended to show mainly the character of the speakers, and only to give a general idea of their linguistic peculiarities . . . If a writer attempts to exhibit on paper the precise accents of a rustic speaker, he disturbs the proper balance of a true representation by unduly insisting upon the grotesque element; thus directing attention to a point of inferior interest and diverting it from the speaker's meaning, which is by far the chief concern when the aim is to depict the men and their natures rather than their dialect forms."

In a word, Hardy is more concerned to present his characters' natures than the Wessex speech, which, in spite of his very real erudition in West Country dialect, he regards as a point of inferior interest. He goes on to explain how a sufficiently satisfying impression of peasant talk may be given by certain technical devices, such as a sparing use of local words combined with a retention of local syntax, and so on; but the reservation is an important one, and the reason for it no less important. The tide of regionalism has been definitely checked, and that, not for the sake of art, or for the reason alleged by George Eliot in similar case, namely the duty of the writer to be generally

intelligible, but because of a refusal to subordinate the individual to the local.

Passing from this to the plot element in Hardy's work, we find that while the incidents of the story are habitually regional, the chain of causality has a regional link in only two of the Wessex novels: "The Return of the Native" and "The Woodlanders". The tragedy of "The Return of the Native" springs directly from the interaction of the character of Eustacia Vye and the quality of Egdon Heath. It is to escape from sombre Egdon that Eustacia marries Clym Yeobright; the Heath is therefore an essential part of the action, the story could not take place without this piece of Wessex. The regional causality in "The Woodlanders" is less important; the "livier" system of leasehold, peculiar to Wessex, being only a contributory cause of Giles Winterborne's disasters. Indeed in the early pages of "The Woodlanders" Hardy writes a sentence which hints again at the limits set to regionalism in his writing. The village of Little Hintock, the scene of the action, was, he says:

"... one of those sequestered spots . . . where, from time to time, dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean are enacted in the real, by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely-knit interdependence of the lives therein."

It seems he has chosen Little Hintock because of the story, rather than the story because it reveals Little Hintock; for Hardy, again, the human transcends the local, the individual the mass.

When we speak of Hardy as a regional novelist, then, we do so with important reservations. Hardy is not the mouthpiece of the soil in the Chanteclerian sense. He is not trying to express Wessex as a unit, whether political, agricultural, historical or economic. Indeed the great globe itself is too small a unit for Hardy; like Aldous Huxley, he is continually conscious of the cosmos. The famous passage describing "the roll of the world eastward" through starlit space is only the most explicit statement of a mental attitude which is implicit throughout Hardy's work; the capacity to stand on a clod of Wessex soil and perceive the universe—or, alternatively, to look at the Wessex soil from a point outside the universe, so as to include



the whole in a single view. It is indeed Hardy's peculiar contribution to fiction to take a Wessex peasant, intensely local in birth, speech and story, and set him against a background of the universe; in so doing he illuminates both Wessex and the universe, but the latter is his prime aim. His theme is the whole human race and its conditions of existence, as exemplified in Wessex; for he regards every living organism, whether human, animal or vegetable, as engaged in an unceasing struggle to find a working compromise between local conditions and the primal demands of its being implanted in it by the universal law of life. For a mere single human personality to attempt to impose its own individual will on such powerful forces—of which love, as the source of life, is the most powerful and therefore the most dangerous—is to Hardy, we all know, the measure of the tragic but superb foolhardiness of man. The intention, to Hardy, remains always necessarily unfulfilled; the struggle terminates always in the organism's ceasing to live.

There are, I would therefore suggest, two colours in Hardy's work: a local colour, red perhaps we may call it like the warm Devon soil, and a universal colour, blue perhaps like the firmament of heaven. It is the union of these colours which gives Hardy's work its sombre, its magnificent, its quite unsurpassably regal, purple.

## EBB AND FLOW

By STEPHEN GWYNN

**M**R. CHAMBERLAIN'S not unexpected surrender has had an unexpected result; most observers thought that the succession would fall to Lord Halifax. Whatever may have determined the decision arrived at, and without the least disrespect to Lord Halifax, I rejoice to see Mr. Churchill where he should be, in such an hour. Since I sat on the Dardanelles Commission and had the chance to consider his policy when it was most fiercely arraigned, I have held that no man living in Great Britain had such gifts for the conduct of a great war; and all that he has done, including (it is no small addition) all that he has written, in these twenty years confirms my belief that he is the man for the task. The only thing that stands against him is the characteristic British distrust of a man who is not strictly of one party—and the deeper distrust of qualities in which imagination dominates. Mr. Chamberlain's appeal lay in his complete conformity to the best type of British business man. Mr. Churchill speaks a different language. So did Chatham, so did Pitt, so did Beaconsfield.

In fighting nations which have been indoctrinated from early schoolings with abstract ideas—ideas of power and glory, carrying with them their limitless demands for self sacrifice—there must be a counter appeal to something more than the maintenance of use and wont. Duty has its splendour and Mr. Chamberlain failed to make it felt. If so many looked to Lord Halifax it was because on many occasions he had lifted the appeal to a higher plane. What we may count on getting from Mr. Churchill is the inspiration of resolute action matched with an assertion of the nobility of just war. He has never allowed himself to be drawn into that unconsidered denunciation of war's beastliness which has in fact brought these horrors nearer to us.

The only way to avoid them is, just as in civil life, to establish an authority which will prevent robbery and murder, done in the name of national freedom. Mr. Chamberlain conceded much—too much—to the claims of nationality when he forced the Czechs to submit to ‘drastic surgery’—that the Sudeten Germans might be liberated. But he gave a pledge, and so did France, which was countersigned by Germany, guaranteeing to the Czech nation freedom within its ordered boundaries. When that pledge was torn up by Germany, six months later, and when Poland was threatened, Mr. Chamberlain did not say in the first place that it was for Britain and for France to insist that promised justice should be done to the Czechs. What he did say was that Great Britain had never tolerated that one ambitious power should dominate Europe. That was not how in 1914 the British people were summoned to war.

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Mr. Chamberlain’s attitude was that of a man who will respect legality even when it runs counter to plain justice. He failed—  
**Plain  
Justice**
and the decision lay with him—to recognize the full implications of the Allied task. There was no longer any law in Europe, no security for any state. No tribunal existed before which the offenders could be summoned or by whose order action for redress should be taken. France and Britain took on themselves, in their own interest, but also in the general interest, the duty of defending civilization. That duty has been made much more difficult by the attitude of the smaller states—each of which claimed the right absolutely to determine its own course according to its conception of its own interest.

Here there is no question of cowardice ; but there is question of a conception of duty. Put it into the most elementary terms : when a state is properly policed, the ordinary citizen can absolve himself from the duty of protecting his household. But when brigandage is rife the man who does not provide himself with arms cuts a poor figure. Denmark was virtually disarmed ; and it would be a good thing if any small state were free to devote its entire energies to works of peace. That may yet become possible ; but never if the small states, relying on outside help for defence, claim to set obstacles in the way of those



who have to deal with brigandage. Denmark like all other neutrals claimed the right to deny use of its territorial waters, and of transit through its territory, to the powers which were endeavouring to establish law in Europe.

From this no notorious inconvenience resulted during the first nine months ; but then Denmark, being defenceless, became the jumping off point for a new leap of aggression—and, incidentally, was despoiled. Humiliation and calamity were the result of neglecting the duty of self defence, and of co-operation against enemies of society. The case of Norway and Sweden is more obviously instructive. When their neighbour state Finland was lawlessly attacked by Russia and was resisting with superb skill and heroism, Norway and Sweden decided not to come to her aid. Not only that, but when the Allies proposed to send a relieving expedition, both these countries declined to allow its passage. Yet the valour and the preparedness of Finland secures for her a considerable residue of complete independence—though after cruel sacrifices.

Meanwhile Germany which had threatened Norway and Sweden with invasion if they helped Finland against Germany's ally, was importing vital military material through Norwegian territorial waters ; and the British Fleet, by Mr. Chamberlain's sense of legality, was constrained to look on. Finally, however, patience was tried too high when the Norwegian authorities allowed a German ship crammed with British prisoners to use this covered way ; the ' Altmark ' was boarded, defiantly ; and the world at large approved—though Norway protested. Once this ice of legality was broken, action followed to deny the use of the corridor ; mines were laid which should force ships following the coast out into open sea—and so into British control. The step was of surprising simplicity ; it ought to have been taken from the first.

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Europe is to-day much in the state which California passed through in an early period. Then came the Vigilantes. They had no formal legal authority, they were self constituted but they introduced the reign of law. No private citizen would have been allowed to maintain the sanctity of his back garden, or even of his front door, when

**A  
Comparison**

they wanted to get at a criminal. The allies were the Vigilantes of Europe. If in a military sense it had been advisable to force an expedition through Norway and Sweden, the thing should have been done. As for the technical violation of a privilege which Norway could not defend from abuse, nobody questions the justification for violating it. The charge to be answered is, Why not have set aside this technicality at once—and certainly from the moment when it was plain that Norway acted under duress of threats from Germany. If action had been taken promptly even against Norway's protest, in all probability Norway would be a free country to-day.

There remains the case of Sweden, whose press has complained that allied withdrawal from the Trondheim venture teaches the small nations that they must depend on themselves for help. Sweden's neighbours do not need to have this impressed on them. The Finns learnt that the States most nearly concerned were the least willing to help. But the supreme demonstration was in the case of Norway. When the elaborate treachery at Oslo partially miscarried, and the *Gneisenau* was sunk, Germany had, for a full day, only negligible forces in the city. Norwegian action was paralysed by the organized treachery, and also by a century's disuse of preparedness for military action; but Sweden within those twenty-four hours and the next two days could have brought forces to bear which would have turned the raid into a disaster for Germany. In short, Sweden again failed in what, if the issue is put in terms of ordinary citizenship, would have been elementary duty. With what result to Sweden's own freedom, who can say? But it seems clear that the Allies are under no obligation to be bound to Sweden by anything except consideration of what will serve their purpose. Their purpose is to establish justice, and for that it may be necessary to walk over legalities.

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Hitler's assumption of the supreme command is hardly less encouraging than Mr. Churchill's accession to leadership. It may mean that the Fuehrer thinks he understands war better than his general staff; it may mean that the General Staff has gone reluctantly into a desperate plunge. Yet in any case it must be assumed that the

**Hitler in  
Command**

German military machine will act with ruthless efficiency. We shall see now how far the theory holds good that with modern conditions the defensive has the advantage : and how far superiority in the air, skilfully used, can countervail the handicap held by those who shoot from a prepared position. We shall see also how far the Germans really have superiority in the skies, when matched against forces that are, like them, fully equipped and prepared.

The Belgians know what it is to be under the German heel ; none of the lesser Powers has had so bitter a lesson of what war may mean. Yet alone of the neutrals, when a neighbour neutral was threatened last autumn, Belgium instantly made it plain that if Holland were attacked, Belgium would make common cause against the aggressor and by that valiancy gained time for the Low Countries to make ready against what has now come upon them. King Albert has left a son worthy of his father ; I could find no higher praise ; and the Dutch have a woman sovereign who seems to embody their great qualities which have built up marts and palaces out of marshes and have made them exemplary rulers of dominions across the ocean, east and west. If the possessions of Holland and Belgium passed into Germany's keeping, the threat which to-day hangs over all Europe—which for five European peoples has meant subjugation to a savage rule—would hang over Africa and Asia and would reach almost to American shores. Wherever the name of Germany is spoken, it carries menace which must be faced at all costs for it is the threat of rapine and injustice.



## CORRESPONDENCE

### CAN WE SAVE THE SMALL NATION ?

*To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY.*

Sir—In my lifetime, I have seen a complete change of public opinion about small nations. Formerly, in a period dating roughly from the South African war of 1899-1902, these communities were regarded both by Conservatives and many Socialists as nothing but nuisances. The Primrose Leaguer and the Fabian were at one, though for different reasons, in scorning them. The latter saw little states as obstacles to "progress," while the former despised them as barriers to imperial expansion. Mr. Bernard Shaw scoffed at the Boer farmer as heartily as he scoffed at the peasant proprietors of France and Ireland, because they preferred to own their land and till it in the light of their experience instead of renting it from the Government and tilling it in accordance with leaflets from the Ministry of Agriculture ; and Mr. H. G. Wells, with great versatility of mind, began his advocacy of "world-states" and his almost interminable tirades against nationality. Punctually every other autumn, in good time for the publishing season, Mr. Wells produced a new utopia from the ruins of its immediate predecessor.

Nearly all the arguments on this subject were based on the assumption that small nations are inhabited exclusively by witless reactionaries who neither can nor will make any contribution to the world's welfare ; and intellectuals went about asserting that Home Rule for Ireland, which, nevertheless, they favoured, and a victory for Kruger would mean the surrender of Ireland to narrow-minded peasants who were incapable of a thought above pigs and potatoes, and the confirmation in power of obstinate fundamentalists who spent their spare time in making long quotations from the Old Testament, flogging blacks, opposing "progress," and preventing high-minded persons from gathering diamonds while they might ! The tenacity with which this opinion was held is shown by the fact that Mr. Shaw, whose consistency of mind appals less logical, but more reasonable, people, was expressing it in 1936, during the Italo-Abyssinian War, in almost exactly the same language in which he was expressing it in 1899-1902, during the Boer War. Mr. Wells, whose mind rebounds more easily than Mr. Shaw's, remains on this subject as consistent as his senior. He is still punctually producing utopias, and the septuagenarian Mr. Britling tries to see it through in 1940, as if he were still the fifty-year old Britling who, in 1916, saw it through, long before it was finished.

Is it not odd, sir, that the small nations should, even in moments of aberrance, have been abused by men of mind? The world's debt to these nations is immeasurable. How different would be the history of the world if Greece and Palestine had never existed! Rome overran them both, but, in spirit infinitely more than in body, they remain, though Rome went long ago. Babylon and Carthage are as dead as mutton. A single pebble from a young lad's sling stretched an armour-plated giant flat, defenceless and dead. Geneva, not for the first time and in despite of extreme discouragement, is still a centre of the world's hope. The British Commonwealth of Nations, which retains its strength by its denial of imperial policies and its assertion of individual rights and national liberties, sprang from the loins of Elizabethan England. Its members are so independent that one of them, Eire, is a neutral in the present war. The German Minister is still in Dublin. The contribution of Ireland to the establishment, culture and maintenance of the Commonwealth has been out of all proportion to its wealth and population. A single province of Ireland, Ulster, at once intensely imperial and national, has enriched every continent on this earth. The Commander-in-Chief of our Forces in France, Lord Gort, is Irish. Two of our Corps Commanders, Sir Alan Brooke and Sir John Dill, are Ulstermen. The contribution of the Scots to the Commonwealth has been as great as that of the Irish, and may have been greater.

It has not, sir, been the little nations which have disturbed so disastrously the peace of the world in the last thirty years, and he will be a very bold man who dares assert that life has been less happy, amenities fewer and intellectual life less highly developed in, say, the Scandinavian countries than it is in larger areas. Will anyone who has seen the beautiful Town Hall in Stockholm assert that that city is, architecturally, inferior to Berlin? A single Norwegian author, Ibsen, made Europe change its mind. Many complaints were made of Belgian refugees in 1914, but no one, so far as I can recall, said they were unbilletable. Had the fortune of war caused our "evacuees" to be sent to Belgium in September, 1939, would we have felt unashamed to let the Belgians see them? The little nations are not impeccable. Many of them are "backward" and, as Mr. Wells once said of the Balkans, in a "penny dreadful" state, but are any of them worse than Germany which was once considered to be the most highly developed community in the world? Are the Czechs and the Poles inferior to Russians and Germans in courage? Would not Stalin gladly have exchanged a dozen of his generals for one Mannerheim, and have given away a horde of his savages for a few Finns? When the records of this age are compiled, will anyone be found willing to say, 'I would rather have been a Russian than a Finn in 1940'? The men who defended Thermopylae were defeated and destroyed, but ask a schoolboy whom he wishes to emulate: Xerxes or Leonidas?

It is facts such as these which have helped to change the mind of mankind in regard to small nations. We no longer look on great aggregations of people, centrally controlled, with admiration and pride, and are less sure than we were

that we want a world in which a man may go from a Brixton at home to an identical Brixton abroad. We perceive that diversity of life, without which life itself cannot continue, is unlikely to remain in world-states, because such states, unless, like the British Commonwealth they deny their authority by decentralising it, are compelled to seek uniformity and eliminate opposition. A man may walk into Hyde Park and advocate the abolition of the monarchy, but no man, unless he wishes to be liquidated, dare stand in front of the Kremlin and advocate the restoration of the monarchy. Small nations are, no doubt, all that has been said in their denunciation, but, like the men mentioned in Ecclesiasticus, they maintain the state of the world. It was not the empires which fertilized the wilderness and made it blossom like the rose ; it was the small nations. From these fountains, whose source is sometimes undiscoverable, the rivers run to feed the oceans. If nationalism, and especially the nationalism of small communities, can evoke such displays of selfless valour as were lately shewn by the Finns, can we profitably let that spirit be eliminated from our lives ? Will vast, amorphous empires, dead wastes of world states, inhabited by people all alike in action, speech, habit and faith, all docile and spiritless, atone for the valiant individualists we have lost ?

As things are, the life of the small nation is extremely precarious. It lives on the sufferance, not always tender, of its powerful neighbours. Many people in Eire must be speculating on what *their* fate would be to-day if it were not for the protection they receive from the British Navy. Great militaristic and totalitarian nations, ambitious to be empires, are eager not only to reduce small nations, as the Germans have reduced the Poles, to bondage, but are eager also to break their spirit and eliminate their minds. It may well appear to people like the Swedes that the possession of mineral wealth, such as iron ore, is a curse rather than a blessing, since it is a continuing temptation to larger aggregates of people who need it ; and may feel that it is folly to make the wilderness blossom like a rose, since to do so, is to make oneself an object of envy to one's stronger neighbours. The abolition of war is of primary importance to small nations. They cannot survive in a world which is organized on the principle that his cause is just who gets his blow in fust. Are we to let the assertion made to Herr Rauschning by Herr Hitler that the day of the small state is past, prevail ? If not, how are we to save the small nation from being exploited or subdued or abolished ? Non-aggression pacts are obviously not worth the ink that is wasted on them, and may justifiably be regarded as preliminary declarations of war.

Some people have reproached the League of Nations for failing, in a quarter of a century, to remove from mankind the passion for belligerency which has animated it for millions of years ! The compliment to the League's authority implied in this reproach is too high, particularly as the League has no physical force behind it. How useless would be a policeman who had neither whistle nor truncheon and could not depend on aid from the passer-by ! The League's position is worse than that of our imaginary policeman, for it



cannot depend on support from its own members. How parlous would be the policeman's plight, if, while weaponless, he tried to arrest an armed burglar knowing that he could not hope for assistance from onlookers or the rest of the force !

Force is a fact. To disregard it is perilous and puerile. The spirit of nationality is a fact. A man will die for his country who can less easily be persuaded to live for it. If nationality be a curse, as the " world-staters " allege, how do they account for the Jews, who, though relieved of its burden for many centuries, passionately wish to resume it ? The desire of the overwhelming mass of mankind for peace is a fact. The sigh of relief which the world heaved when Mr. Chamberlain flew to Berchtesgaden is a measure of that desire. Can we, sir, reconcile these three facts to the general advantage ?

Mr. A. J. Jacobs, in a remarkable small book, entitled *Peace Without Pledges*, which has obtained the commendation of Mr. Wickham Steed, has proposed a plan, outlined at first in another small book, entitled *Neutrality versus Justice*, but repeated and amplified in the book I have previously named. It offers, in my belief, the nucleus of a scheme to render bellicose spirits less potent for destruction. Mr. Jacobs' plan was considered favourably by the late Lord Bryce, the late Lord Parker of Waddington, the late Lord Phillimore, Professor Brierley, Chichele Professor of International Law, Sir Alfred Zimmern, Mr. Elihu Root and other eminent authorities. I cannot expect you to give me space to set it out in detail, but I may, perhaps, summarize it.

His argument is that an attitude of general neutrality during a time of threatened war is incompatible with peace or justice between nations. Joint action to prevent aggressions need not be pledged in advance of threats of war, but can be taken more effectively when occasions for it arise, by *any* group of states which are, jointly, strong enough to defeat an aggressor in the unlikely event of their failing, by the mere announcement of their adhesion, to deter him from his aggressive acts. The limitation of sovereign authority which is implicit in any scheme for curbing aggressors cannot be achieved by formal acceptance of the scheme, but will be produced automatically by collective resistance to their attacks. Mr. Jacobs points out that no victory by the Allies over the Germans, however complete it may be, nor any settlement, however justly it is arranged, can provide a safeguard in the future against warlike acts by Germany or any other nation. We have, therefore, to devise more than a Peace Treaty by victorious Allies. We must somehow induce nations to behave towards each other at least as well as individuals do. A man who has suffered grievous wrong of a kind that the law cannot redress, is not allowed to revenge himself. If he kills his enemy, he may be hanged for murder, and will certainly be put in prison. Should his murderous intention become known, he will be restrained by force from committing his crime. That, sir, very summarily, is the scheme proposed by Mr. Jacobs. In the presence of a threat of war by one sovereign state against

another, great nations desiring peace for themselves and for others, must recognize the responsibility that goes with their possession of power, and, at the first appearance of danger, promptly ascertain whether any group of them who may be willing to co-operate to preserve the peace, possess sufficient power to justify them in declaring that the threatened attack, if perpetrated, shall be treated as an act of war against themselves to be resisted by their joint forces.

Our first task is to subdue and defeat the Germans, and we must not be diverted from that task, but it is only the *first* task. Their subjugation and defeat will be useless if, twenty-five years hence, those who are now in their cradles have to be called to arms, just as those who, twenty-five years ago, were in their cradles, or not yet born, have been called to arms since September. We are organizing ourselves for war. We must also organize ourselves for peace. It is not enough to prepare our bodies for death; we must prepare our minds for life.

Yours sincerely,

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

Honey Ditches, Seaton, Devon.

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## SOUND SCHOLARSHIP

By PROFESSOR R. B. MOWAT

**THE EASTERN QUESTION, AN HISTORICAL STUDY IN EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY**, by Sir J. A. R. Marriott. Fourth Edition. *Oxford University Press*. 8s. 6d.

**RECENT REVELATIONS OF EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY**, by G. P. Gooch. Fourth Edition. *Longmans*. 10s.

That both these books should be in their fourth edition is a testimony to the interest of the public in reading works of sound historical scholarship. Both are timely in their reissue now, as the problems which they handle are still influencing the destinies of mankind.

Sir John Marriott's book is the work of a man who has made his mark in teaching, in politics and in writing. It has the characteristics of the Oxford Final School of Modern History, accurate and broad in its sweep, regarding modern history as including the last century of the Roman Empire and coming down to the present day. Many generations of undergraduates have read essays on various aspects of the Eastern Question to Sir John Marriott. Anyone reading the book now may almost seem to hear him discoursing on the essays in his room in Worcester College—not that I ever did so (having been nurtured in another

Society), but Sir John was one of the best known tutors in the University.

*The Eastern Question* was written during the World War and was completed in the Spring of 1917. It is pleasant and encouraging now to read the tranquil preface. April, 1917 (when the Preface is dated) was as anxious a time as April, 1940—worse perhaps; for Dr. Gooch in *Recent Revelations* quotes from a conversation of Admiral Jellicoe with Admiral Sims of the United States Navy in April, 1917. Jellicoe said, referring to the Germans' success in sinking Allied merchant ships—"They will win unless we can stop these losses and stop them soon." Sims asks, "Is there no solution for the problem?" Jellicoe replies: "Absolutely none that we can see now." Sir John Marriott, prefacing his *Eastern Question* at that agonising moment, refers to the situation only by saying: "I have no misgivings as to the importance or the timeliness of the task I have essayed." The task was the writing of a book on the continuous history of the Eastern Question, on the Eastern Question as a whole. That it is a complete and concise narrative of the whole thing is its great merit.

*The Eastern Question* is a very pleasant narrative to read, by reason of its fluent style, its firm yet easy command of facts, its excellent black and white



maps. After two introductory chapters it goes direct to the Ottoman conquests in Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; the Ottoman Empire at its zenith in the sixteenth century; the decline in the seventeenth; the fascinating eighteenth century—Peter the Great, Catherine II, Joseph II; the vision and dynamism of Napoleon. All this takes up about one-third of the volume. These follow the War of Greek Independence, the Crimean War (which gave the Porte a respite of twenty years in which it failed to reform itself); the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78 and the Congress of Berlin. After this there are still about 240 pages bringing the story down to 1914; and next, Epilogue on Epilogue, three of them, as each successive edition was called for, down to 1939. They are very good epilogues, but very concentrated, so that they rather whet one's appetite for a whole volume, a complete story, of the Eastern Question from 1914 to the present day. For now the Sick Man of Europe has become one of the leading Mediterranean Powers and a pillar of political equilibrium there. In the first edition Sir John wrote that the Problem of the Near East is "unchanging". In the most recent Epilogue he notes that one aspect of the immemorial problem is closed with the creation of a modern state, the birth of a new nation. There is to-day a vital New Eastern Question but the achievement of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk has made it a substantially different one from that which Sir John Marriott has so ably handled over its seven centuries of activity.

Dr. Gooch's *Recent Revelations in European Diplomacy* is not a historical narrative. It is a series of studies on the historical material, chiefly state

papers and personal memoirs, issued since the World War and bearing on the relations of the Powers from 1871 to 1920. Never in any similar number of years has so much material dealing with recent history been put forth since 1919. During the War itself some important papers were published and Dr. Gooch has not ignored these. The great issue, however, began with the German Republican Government's *Grosse Politik der Europäischen Kabinette* in fifty-two volumes, and was continued by most of the states which actively participated in the War. Dr. Gooch himself, with Temperley, edited the magnificent series of the British Government, *British Documents on the Origins of the War*. The *Recent Revelations*, in a series of beautifully composed studies, condenses the information given not only in the official volumes, and in the well-known memoirs of statesmen like Lloyd George, Sazonov, Grey, House, but also in scores of lesser known books of journalists, soldiers, politicians, in sixteen European countries and in the United States. It can only be called a very remarkable work. Probably nobody has read so much of the diplomatic histories and other material issued in the last twenty years as Dr. Gooch. Certainly nobody has both seen the essential points in their due historical proportion and put these into a single volume, 470 pages, of graceful exposition. It is profound learning borne with consummate ease and made available in attractive form for the intelligent public. People who are going to read this book must be prepared to modify their pre-conceived judgments, for Dr. Gooch gives out the authentic information from the books he has read with complete candour.

**GERMANY ATTACKS**, by Captain G. C. Wynne. *Faber & Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Fighting defensively on the Western front, from the end of 1914 to the end of 1917, the German General Staff had exceptional opportunities, and need, to develop their theories of defensive tactics to meet the ever growing weight of numbers and material the Allies brought against them.

In its final form their doctrine provided for a well organized system of defence in depth, a greater delegation of responsibility to the commanders of divisions and their subordinates holding the front, and a simplification of the chain of command. Although defence works were multiplied in depth, the keynote of the doctrine was, that the defensive battle should be fought on the principle of parry and thrust, and in the open, not in the shelter of elaborate fortifications. Immediate counter-attack, while assaulting troops were still disorganized by the resistance they encountered during their advance, and before they could consolidate their gains, was insisted on. The dispositions of reserves, to enable them to intervene without delay in the combat, was therefore an essential feature of the organization; and reserves acted under the orders of the commander of the troops with which they co-operated, irrespective of seniority.

The Germans were fortunate in finding in Colonel von Lossberg a man capable of applying theory to practice. Possessing exceptional physical and mental energy, eagerness to accept responsibility and a remarkable flair for the tactical value of ground, he saved the situation in many crises.

The theories of defence evolved in the

last war, it is understood, still hold the field in the German Army of to-day; though the development of modern weapons may have affected the design of works and their distribution in still greater depth. Captain Wynne's book, which, in spite of its title, is essentially a study of the evolution of German defensive theories, is all the more interesting for that reason. Those who have been impressed by the elaborate works of the Siegfried position, by reading his account, will find indications of how the Germans would fight battles within it, should it ever be attacked.

The question that arises is, are the German theories sound? They were developed from experience of attacks which, in most cases, were undertaken with a view to break through the defensive positions and thus open the way for strategic manoeuvre. Delivered under cover of tremendous artillery fire and on a rigid programme they generally succeeded in capturing the advanced lines but failed to achieve a complete break through. The further the attack penetrated, however, the greater its difficulties became, through the disorganization of plans and loss of artillery support. Counter-attacks under such conditions proved very effective. But counter-attacks, where the attacking artillery could observe the progress of the fight generally failed; with great losses and with resulting disorganization of the defence. This occurred most frequently when the objectives of the attack were limited. Rigidity of plans, however, tended to deprive the attacker of opportunities which then arose of effecting further gains.

Captain Wynne suggests that the German doctrine would reveal elements

of weakness were it to meet attacks less rigidly conducted, and with greater attention to the effect of natural features of the ground on tactics. He questions too whether, in their traditional worship of physical courage, the Germans are not inclined to ignore the vulnerability of the unprotected human body under the immense volume of fire modern weapons produce.

One may not agree with all his criticisms and comments, but Capt. Wynne has certainly produced a book which soldiers should read and which the layman, who may be inclined to estimate the strength of defensive positions by the nature of the defensive works they contain, will find enlightening.

MAJ.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN.

### THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER PLATE,

by Lord Strabolgi. *Hutchinson.*  
7s. 6d.

### THE MERCHANT NAVY FIGHTS, by

A. D. Divine. *Murray.* 2s. 6d.

*The Battle of the River Plate* is a somewhat misleading title of Lord Strabolgi's book, for the description of the engagement hardly occupies more than some 14 pages out of a total of 260. It is the story of the cruise of the *Graf Spee*, its object, the considerations of strategy strength and of the diplomacy affecting her stay in Montevideo; and it ends with an account of the episode of her auxiliary, the *Altmark*.

So far as the *Graf Spee* was concerned the results of her hundred days cruise were poor. They were less than those of the small German cruisers or the armed ship *Moewe*. German writers have glorified her operations, but in actual fact there was no particular brilliancy in going across the Atlantic

and back in open waters where the chances of her interception were extremely small. On the other hand we have reason to be very satisfied with the dispositions made of our light cruisers for defence. Individually weaker, they were concentrated, and the *Graf Spee* was lucky in that one of the more powerful of the squadron happened to be absent for purposes of refit at the time of the meeting.

As it was, however, her armaments were more powerful than those of her three opponents combined, whose total broadsides weighed 3,136 lbs. against the *Graf Spee's* 4,740. It was the tactics employed by the Commodore and his captains and the extreme boldness of their movements which gave the British squadron a victory over superior force.

The diplomatic efforts made to extend the time of her stay in Montevideo harbour are well set out by Lord Strabolgi. The correspondence shows that the Uruguayan authorities behaved with strict correctitude throughout the negotiations, leaning if anything in favour of the German ship. Every diplomatic resource from argument to threat was brought to bear in order to gain time, but fortunately for Uruguay she is not a close neighbour of Nazi Germany, and she had the promised support of the American maritime powers; hence neither bluff nor intimidation were of any avail.

From his description of the *Graf Spee's* cruise Lord Strabolgi passes to the adventure of the *Altmark*. The manner in which the rescue of the British prisoners was achieved by the *Cossack* is beyond praise. The difficulty of bringing a destroyer into an unlighted harbour and laying her alongside the enemy ship can be appreciated by every



seaman, and it is no less a matter of congratulation that the boarding party numbered no more than thirty men who overcame four times their numbers.

*The Merchant Navy Fights* is a most gallant record. The book might well be called "A Little Cargo of Courage", to use an expression describing the squadron sent out under Hawke to retrieve Byng's failure off Minorca. It would be very hard to find finer examples of dogged determination and sheer pluck than those given by the captains and crews of the little tramp steamers of the Ropner Line of Hartlepool. No men ever better deserved their honours than the masters of the *Stonepool*, *Heronspool* and *Rockpool*. Whether one considers the way in which they handled their ships, replied to the enemy's fire or conducted their engagements, one is left with the feeling that in these men we have as fine a fighting material as exists in the world. One misapprehension must, however, be referred to. Mr. Divine remarks that a merchantman is confined by International Law to defending herself, and is not entitled to carry on a battle once she has achieved this end. This is incorrect. A merchantman is competent to continue and pursue an enemy who has taken to flight and to seize her. This is the recorded opinion of the authoritative writer on International Law, Professor Oppenheim.

ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

**THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY**, by Harold J. Laski. *George Allen & Unwin*. 7s. 6d.

The President of the United States holds in his hands a greater potential power than the ruler of any other state. In an emergency and for the duration of his legal term the President, an

executive of the strongest nation in the world, wields more power than any democratic premier or any totalitarian dictator. That there should have been no full-length study of his office by an English scholar is only explicable by the extraordinary indifference of the average Britain to the politics of America. In remedying this defect Professor Laski earns our especial thanks in a year when the fate of Europe may well hang upon the presidential election in the United States.

Delivered originally as a series of lectures at the University of Indiana, Professor Laski's book is an attempt, not so much to describe to an American audience the constitutional status of their own chief executive as rather to analyse his office in relation to certain developments in American society and politics which an outside observer, especially one who is at the same time so familiar with America as Professor Laski, is perhaps peculiarly able to discern. Those developments, which were unforeseen by the Fathers who drew up the Constitution in the very different social and political context of 1787, have, in Professor Laski's view, gone far to defeat the paternal plans and to invalidate the paternal ideals. The 'United States' have expanded into a continent and contracted into a nation. Free enterprise now finds its ceiling zero at the same moment as government awakes to put a floor under hours and wages. And the loudest affirmations of isolationism cannot drown the thunder of world conflict that echoes within the very borders of Washington's 'unentangled' America. These changes demand, in Laski's opinion, the conversion of the "negative" state of 18th century philosophers

and 19th century business men into the "positive" state which the New Deal very dimly foreshadows. This in turn involves the transcendence of that American sectionalism which has detained political parties in an infancy of faction-fighting and retarded the growth of the federal power, thereby enabling entrenched interests to use Congress as an instrument of obstruction and public plunder. "State rights", as the 1936 election showed, have become a camouflage for business interests and the division of powers, as the handling of the Finnish loan recently revealed, is merely a mechanism for the avoidance of responsibility.

It is this combination of irresponsibility and disunity in the workings of the American system that worries Professor Laski. It is in this light that he examines the Presidency in its three-fold relation, to Cabinet, Congress and the People, and it is to the Presidency as the only organ of national leadership and initiative, that he looks to correct this condition of affairs. To achieve this the President must be assisted by a more efficient secretariat and by a cabinet of something more than "yes-men" or mere departmental heads. Above all, for no mechanical improvements are substitutes for the human element, the dynamic of a new type of President is needed: America cannot afford any more Warren Hardings. On parties too this will have its effect; presented with real issues, their shadow-boxing must be replaced by a real alignment of social forces, and Presidential leadership will involve allegiance to a policy as well as to a name. Congress in turn will become more a battleground for "administration" versus "opposition" than a site for log-rolling and self-assertion.

Professor Laski's thesis in fact is far-reaching in its implications and most stimulating in all its parts. It gains immeasurably by his steadfast refusal to think out his problem in any but American terms or to make over the Constitution to any cut and dried formula. Opinion may differ as to the feasibility of his reforms—does he concede enough to the strength and appropriateness of the sectionalism of a continent?—but the onus is on his critics to propound a better way.

H. G. NICHOLAS.

THE MEDIEVAL FENLAND, by H. C.

Darby. *Cambridge University*. 12s. 6d.

THE DRAINING OF THE FENS, by

H. C. Darby. *Cambridge University*. 21s.

All those who are in contact with the part of the country dealt with in these two books must be grateful to Dr Darby for the admirable way in which he has marshalled the mass of evidence of the long history of the Fenland. To add to the more general sources of information, Dugdale, Badslade, Wells and others, he has brought from their hiding places many new references that are of the utmost value. This alone is ample evidence of the labour involved.

That so long a time should elapse between major works on the Fens as that between Skertchley's *Geology of the Fenland* of 1877 and the books under review is surprising only to those who have only a superficial knowledge of the district, for a more involved history it would be hard to find. It is to be hoped that *The Medieval Fenland* and *The Draining of the Fens* will not be neglected as Skertchley's book has been.

To give a dog a bad name and hang him is an old proverb, and the bad



reputation of the Fens is not improved by occasional publicity in the Daily Press when the "Bailliff of Bedford"—the Ouse in flood—gets abroad. Then the old cries—ruin for the farmers; the Government should do something—are heard which are similar in every respect to those constantly recurring in these books. Like so many of these items of news they are only half the tale and the prosperous periods are not mentioned. In *The Medieval Fenland*, Dr. Darby has rightly emphasized that there were good times as well as bad and that the Fenman had other occupations than fowling and wading about up to his neck in water.

Another reason for the lack of interest generally in the Fens is the view obtained by travellers by road or train; a flat plain, with here and there a bank,

a drain, or a row of wind-breaking trees. This is the view to-day and as it has appeared throughout the centuries. But these features mark the very essence of Fen history, for the banks and drains, running for miles, are the connecting links that explain the trouble between neighbours, appeals to the Crown, lawsuits and more forcible bickerings that are so freely quoted. It is here that Dr. Darby fails somewhat to please—for though many references are made in his pages to the Cuts and their makers, it is difficult to follow the connection between one water-way and another and so realize the importance of the changes that disturbed the countryside. The difficulty is a serious one, for even with an intimate knowledge of a definite area, the distance travelled by the water, the frequent

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Union Franco-Britannique. Par Professor J. T. DELOS (Lille)

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crossing of one drain by another, with gates, sluices, etc., present a jig-saw puzzle of no mean order.

A disappointing feature is the impression left by *The Draining of the Fens* that Fen history is one long lawsuit, for very little is said about the magnitude of the work done. That this is inferred is true, but a chapter on the immense labour involved, and what it means to build banks with poor material and no machinery would have been most welcome. What a fine tale could have been told of Telford's and Rennie Junr's. handling of the Nene outfall, or the damming of the Middle Level main drain by Hawkshaw! But the economic chapters are most enlightening, and are a great advance on anything previously written.

Both books are well illustrated by maps, diagrams and photographs. All are excellent, the maps calling for special commendation. The photographs are attractive enough to encourage those who visit the cathedrals of Ely and Lincoln to venture further into the Fens. In this connection it would have been more satisfactory to have had the actual photograph of the Middle Level Sluice, which is available.

Of the present day Dr. Darby is silent, but his books are ample proof of the necessity for some central control, and I think that anyone in doubt as to the wisdom of the 1930 Act and its administrative method would be convinced of its value by a study of these pages.

C. V. ARMITAGE.

JOHN PYM, by S. Reed Brett. *Murray.*  
10s. 6d.

We are all apt to read political history in the light of our own times. This danger is involved in the career of John

Pym, and it cannot be said that Mr. Brett's biography avoids it. There is more than one use of the term "responsible government" in a sense as modern as it is repellent to the current ideas of Englishmen in the first half of the seventeenth century. It was not accepted in the meaning ascribed to Pym by William III., Anne or even George III.

Again, the author permits himself to speculate on what might have happened if Pym had lived a few years longer. His conclusion is that the Army would never have gained control of Parliament and that Pym would never have assented to the death of the King. Another reading of events is that all that followed was implicit in the actions of the Long Parliament during Pym's dominance—down to that cold January morning in Whitehall in 1649.

In fact it is still difficult or impossible for Englishmen to hold the scales even. All that episode would lose its colour for us if we could be coldly judicial. Those who read a biography of John Pym must come to it with a generous allowance of partisanship. Mr. Brett does not conceal his own, though he is scrupulous in presenting both sides. Many pages are warmed by Pym's own eloquence. An example is the speech affirming, for all its doubtful precedents, that "the petitions of the subjects, on which those charters and acts of [earlier reigns] were founded, were ever Petitions of Rights, demanding their ancient and due liberties, not suing for new".

Yet immediately afterwards we fall from the high theme of illegal taxation to a narrow sectarian debate. James I's insight was justified. No Bishop, no King. Puritanism became republicanism in abolishing episcopacy. Clarendon has marked the dividing line.



It was during the debate on the Bill to take away bishops' votes. "Root and branch . . . grew shortly after a common expression, and discovery of the several tempers". He adds that "Mr. Pym was not of that mind". Not yet. He became a Root and Branch man at the decisive moment, when not merely bishops' votes but bishops were abolished. Again in Strafford's impeachment Pym was at first opposed to the Bill of Attainder. Mr. Brett says he "was convinced that whether the laws declared Strafford to be technically guilty or not, morally he was guilty".

The author has done his best to be fair. He quotes Gardiner against himself and shows adequate knowledge of all recent authorities. We look in vain for much personal background; what Mr. Brett gives us is new and interesting. Pym was a substantial Devon landowner. He engaged with other Parliamentary Puritans in the colonizing venture of Providence, in the Caribbean Sea; the instructions to the Company's agents mingled piety with commercial zeal. But Pym died a poor man. His own history is controversial but exhilarating. The text of his speeches is really the heart of the book.

W. THOMSON HILL.

**KITTY FOYLE**, by Christopher Morley.

*Faber and Faber.* 8s. 3d.

**OTHER GODS**, by Pearl Buck.

*Macmillan.* 8s. 6d.

**SUN ON THE WATERS**, by L. A. G.

Strong. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Morley has a sub-title to *Kitty Foyle* which runs as follows: "The Natural history of a woman". Unfortunately there is little in it to warrant such a contention. It is the story of an

American girl from childhood up to the age of twenty-eight or so, and reads very much like many other stories about American girls. It is written in the first person, in rather the stream of consciousness method, and rambles along through various phases of the narrator's development, physical and mental. As Kitty's development never gets very far this is not very interesting, and one gets tired of the banality of viewpoint, the little sentiments, the little doses of nostalgia, the petty feminine vulgarity of it all. It may indeed be a history of a woman, but there seems little that is natural in it. The essential non-fastidiousness of real womanhood, the earthiness which is as simple and candid as a flower or an animal is completely missing, and in its place stands a very superficial example

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of a young American miss with no emotions either above or below a certain level, with no intellect, in fact with nothing to recommend her but a sort of matiness, a feminine good chap. The minor characters, Pop, old Martha, Wyn the lover, are likeable also, but one never grasps them, they exist in a kind of haze, due possibly to the manner of narration. Nevertheless for those who can enjoy a glib, easy-running book about nothing of much importance, it has its entertainment value. Mediocrity with the golden touch might be the most apt description of *Kitty Foyle*.

I have not hitherto read any of Miss Pearl Buck's books, yet I feel sure that *Other Gods* does not give a new reader a fair idea of her capabilities as a novelist. It gives one the impression that it was written when she was tired—or perhaps dispirited. Not once does it rise above the humdrum level of an ordinary competent novel. Yet the story is a good one. A young American, Bert Holm, climbs a mountain and becomes America's Hero No. 1. His entire life, personality and affairs now become the property of the Public Relations Council, and a publicity agent. Henceforward he is "built up" into something "rich and strange", poor honest hick. But his hide-thick American insensitiveness saves him, though it makes a tragedy of the lives of his wife, his spiritual opposite, and a young intellectual playwright who loves her. Bert Holm however comes through it all, complete. Such a theme holds possibilities, the psychological drama for instance calls for extension and exploitation (in fact the end of the book is both tragic and ironic), but Miss Buck never once takes up the challenge. The subsidiary characters are shadowy and only half conceived, though Mr.

Brame, the publicity agent, is good, and so are Bert's father and mother, but the more delicate side issues, the undercurrents of thought and behaviour are left undeveloped, and what remains is little more than a good plot for the American films. It is good entertainment nevertheless, interesting, and exciting enough to carry the reader along, but one expects considerably more from Miss Buck than this. It is a disappointing book.

*Sun on the Waters* is quite different. Mr. Strong's is a collection of very nice stories. They are all well told, picturesque, and most of them are Irish in setting. Some are grave, some gay, and nearly all of them good. But none excites or arrests, there is nothing new in them. The experiences seem quite ordinary, and a whole book of them tends to bore. Mr. Strong's stature still remains with *The English Captain*, and in his own way he is undoubtedly a better artist than either Miss Buck or Mr. Morley.

JAMES HANLEY.

*How to Look at Old Buildings* (Batsford, 3s. 6d.) is a refreshingly lively book. Mr. Vale covers rather too much ground to allow him to get his continuous flow of information and amusing and unusual "asides" home to his readers. The book is easy to read, indeed almost too self-consciously unpompous. Mr. Vale skips about with his colloquialisms and pleasant irrelevances like a parson showing a party of hikers round his church and wanting to appear as much as possible "one of the boys" but he does it well and never lets go of the theme that by knowing about buildings we can "deduce something about the potentialities of their living communities."

EDWARD CARTER.